

past from which succeeding generations feel it necessary, at fairly regular intervals, to make prolonged and emphatic declarations of independence. As the generation of the 1920s, felt it necessary to make clear by their literature and their habits their emancipation from the Victorian Age, so that of the 1960s feels, apparently, compelled to dance on the grave of the era of military imperialism which effectively ended with the Second World War; a dance inspired not simply by a joyful sentiment of liberation but by a determination to trample the earth down as hard as possible on the coffin underneath. Such films as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Oh What a Lovely War*, and *How I Won the War*, together with numerous instant histories of the First World War, seem designed neither to provide the colourful excitement of popular military history nor a careful and sympathetic reconstruction of a bygone historical period. Their object is primarily iconoclastic.

The traditionalist may find this genre shocking and the historian certainly finds it silly, but the sociologist will probably explain it as an inevitable and possibly a salutary symptom in a generation which knows that it must feel its way towards its own values and has to begin by clearing its mind of a great deal of the cant inherited from a doubtfully relevant past. Once it has settled down it will view its predecessors with greater understanding. If not sympathy. It has, in Oscar Wilde's words, loved its parents and is now judging them. Ultimately it may forgive them; especially when it hears the sardonic laughter of its own children mocking the values it has itself so painfully acquired.

One interesting point is to be noted: this iconoclasm is not essentially pacifist. The mockery is not of war as such but of war as an institution within a particular kind of society. Lord Raglan, Lord Kitchener and Lord Haig are held up as figures of fun not because they were soldiers but because they are seen as representatives of a particular social system.

In making fun of Raglan, in gazing Kitchener, in pouring contempt on Haig, the iconoclasts can express their distaste for the entire culture of which these men formed part: much as Lytton Strachey and his imitators expressed their rejection of Victorian values through their portraits of individual eminent Victorians. No one has yet mocked such classless professionals as Erwin Rommel or Lord Slim. And they had better not try to mock Che Guevara or Ho Chi Minh. The poster of Kitchener and the photograph of Che which glare down from the walls of the student's pad convey very different messages, and

the boy in the King's Road will wear a scarlet and gold-braided tunic for very different reasons from his friend who dresses, equally uncomfortably, in the fatigues of Fidel Castro. Those who are most emphatic in their mockery and rejection of one form of militarism seem the most enthusiastic in their acceptance of another. We have yet to see trendy blow-ups of Philip Noel-Baker or even of U Thant.

The devotees of Che Guevara would no doubt argue that there is nothing illogical about embracing the socialist concept of revolution and rejecting the bourgeois institution of war. In history this distinction has tended to be one of aspiration rather than of fact: war and revolution have each merged into the other with monotonous frequency. But military history enthusiasts seldom extend their interest to the study of revolution; not, at least, until revolution has settled down into a discreet and easily identifiable war. Their interest is primarily in conflict between organized armed forces conducted according to certain commonly accepted principles. The revolutionary would argue that this in itself is symptomatic of an obsolete class approach to what is or is not "legitimate" in social behaviour. The wars in which the military historian is interested are fought within a social framework which all belligerents are ultimately concerned to uphold. Defeated powers are seldom totally destroyed and if they are the victors reconstruct them in their own image. Revolution, in the wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, loomed as a spectre even more frightful than defeat.

All this is uncomfortably true. But what is also true—and also uncomfortable—is that it is far easier to write the history of wars than it is of revolutions, and such histories are very much easier to read. The actors are clearly identifiable, limited in number, and their actions are usually well, if not always reliably, documented. In a revolution the actors are inchoate and innumerable. Acts of violence are random and inconclusive. There is seldom a clearly defined beginning to a revolution and never a clearly defined end. Historians are still trying to find out what really happened in the French Revolution, and the greater their knowledge, the greater difficulty they have in communicating it. The task of the historian of Napoleon's campaigns is infinitely simpler. Actions are coordinated, decisive moments identifiable, motives easy to understand. It is a great deal easier to follow the movement of articulated divisions than that of peasant

fighting in the Vendée, or constantly changing groups of activists in revolutionary Paris and Marseilles.

But this very simplicity has its dangers for the student of military history. In a conflict in which military and guerrilla revolutionary activities are being carried out simultaneously it is tempting to concentrate on the former at the expense of the latter. We have many histories of Wellington's campaign in the peninsula, but very few attempt to analyse the guerrilla activity which accompanied it and largely made it possible. The partisan campaigns in Yugoslavia and Greece between 1941 and 1944—part guerrilla war, part revolution—still await at least their British historian. How many of the somewhat self-satisfied Anglo-American historians who have described the campaigns in north-west Europe in 1944-45 have given any account of the French resistance movements which complemented them, or of their political consequences? And of the numerous military historians who have studied the campaigns in the Middle East between 1940 and 1943, has even one considered the great silent revolution of Arab nationalism which was fermenting under the huge military infrastructure, as a result of which Montgomery's victories seem, in Egypt today, to be as remote as those of Belshazzar? It was no fault in these historians that they did not do so; they had plenty to occupy their own specialized skills. But the absence of any synoptic vision leads to the assumption that military history is all that needs to be written about a war: to the depiction of the two World Wars, in particular, in terms of the triumph of the Allied armies rather than of the disintegration and transformation of European society; and in consequence to the bewildered cry, in the grey aftermath of victory, that one had won the war but somehow lost the peace.

The heyday of the orthodox military historian was in fact really over before this century began, and as historiography goes it was very brief. For military history in its traditional sense is concerned primarily with the manoeuvres of armed forces within finite and easily comprehensible parameters of space and time, leading to engagements in which is decided the straightforward issue of victory or defeat. So long as military activity of this kind was both central and decisive in international conflict, so long was the role of the military historian both significant and straightforward. But it was a period, in the history of Europe at least, which lasted for little more than 200 years: from the middle of the seventeenth century until the latter part of the nineteenth.

Before 1648, except for brief periods such as the end of the fifteenth century or the meteoric appearance of Gustavus Adolphus, military operations were long-drawn-out and inconclusive; affairs of sieges and marches, of laying waste and of sporadic small-scale engagements. States did not command the resources to gain decisive victories, and only towards the end of the seventeenth century did they begin to acquire them. Modern campaign history, the study of self-contained and decisive military operations, begins with the age of Turenne, of Marlborough, of Eugene of Savoy; continues through Saxe and Frederick the Great; and reaches its climax in the nineteenth century, with Napoleon and von Moltke. For by that time the armed forces in the field did begin to embody the available resources of the state. The commander in the field did, or could, represent the controlling will of the state. And the field really was a field, a stretch of country which could still be encompassed by a single eye, wherein were concentrated some hundreds of thousands of men whose skill and courage could and did, within a few hours, quite literally change the course of history.

It is a cold fish of a historian whose pulses do not stir even slightly when he contemplates such battlefields. Perhaps we are now sufficiently adult to admit that the Battle of Trafalgar really was more far-reaching in its results even than the case of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, and that Waterloo was a more significant event in European history than the *émeute* at Peterloo. But the era when the destiny of nations could be so conveniently crystallized in time and space was brief. A war of even greater significance for world history than those of Napoleon and von Moltke was fought out in the middle of the nineteenth century in the United States. But its battles, though dramatic enough to be refought at regular intervals by military history buffs, were decisive only in the negative sense, in that they prevented any decision being reached in the field, whether at Bull Run, the Antietam, or Gettysburg. Blockade, conscription, war production, attrition of manpower and morale—these were the factors which were beginning to count, and these are processes of which the traditional military historian tends to be impatient. Still, if Meade's men had been swept away at Gettysburg the history of the United States and of the world might have been very different; and the military historian still has the essential task of explaining to us why they were not.

Once the industrialization of war was fully under way in the twen-

tieth century it became increasingly difficult to bring about a decisive encounter. Resources were multiplied, the manipulation of small-scale coups could be purely military treatment any more than the problem of waging conflicts itself can be resolved by soldiers. Not that there is anything novel about this kind of war. It is likely to occur whenever an authority of questionable legitimacy occupies a territory than it can effectively control, whether the authority is that of an unpopular national government, a colonial regime or a foreign invader. Marxism has provided a new ideology and a new motive is an older one: *frontier*. Kick the foreigners out! And if such wars have provided over the past century and a term "battle" was transferred to encompass month-long, year-long conflicts of attrition, geographical areas, the military mobility has tempted governments and armies to overreach themselves. The cumbersome and slow-moving forces of the pre-Napoleonic era, such temptations could hardly be resisted. But Napoleon's very successes led his troops into positions, in Spain and in Russia, where they were hopelessly vulnerable to the erosion of a tactical process whose complexities became more complex still. Armies could penetrate ever more deeply into hostile territory and stay there. Governments—particularly national governments—could impose far more rigorous degrees of control over areas where they had pre-

viously exercised no more than a vague suzerainty. Traditional patterns of behaviour were suddenly and brutally disturbed by these alien incursions. The surprising thing was not that there was so much partisan fighting but that there was not more: that such vast areas of the world accepted these intrusions with a kind of dazed acquiescence. But where they did not—where local populations fought back against the invaders with ruthlessness, patience and skill—then it was shown how grave was the military problem with which the expanding powers had landed themselves. Their forces might well be armed and disciplined, but there were not many of them and they had to be very thinly spread. Their communications might be rapid, but they were highly vulnerable. If the American Civil War gave a foretaste of how the World Wars of the twentieth century were to be fought, the American experience in the Philippines, the Spanish in Cuba and the British in South Africa at the turn of the century showed what lay in store for their subjects decided to make life uncomfortable for their rulers; especially if those rulers were restrained by public opinion at home from exploiting their military technology to the full.

Military historians have set to with a will to study insurgency and counter-insurgency. They have pored over the works of Mao and Che and Glap with the care which an earlier generation devoted to Clausewitz, or Hamley, or Mahon. Led by the

French analysts of the 1950s, men like Bonnet and Trinquier, they have deduced from their studies principles as clear as those handed down by the great nineteenth-century pundits. Yet no one can read such studies—and certainly no one can try to write one—without realizing how inadequate is such an approach to the understanding of the situations they attempt to describe. For these wars are not simply military conflicts with a complex political background; they are rather political conflicts which involve an unusually high level of violence. To give coherent accounts of them for the general reader is almost impossible, and even if it were possible they would not be particularly agreeable to read. Publishers are unlikely for some time to come to commission lavishly illustrated coffee-table volumes on the war in Algeria, the "emergency" in Malaya, or the conflict in Vietnam.

No; the military history which sells best is that which deals with events safely past; which inspires nostalgia for the days when the military virtues were clearly relevant to the social and political order, and when force could be legitimately, skillfully and decisively exercised without society itself being destroyed in the process. It is perhaps because the West has little choice today between the continuing complexities of revolutionary war on the one hand and nuclear destruction on the other that readers show such an insatiable appetite for studying simpler and less alarming conflicts. No publisher is likely to commission a volume on "Decisive Battles of the Third World War"—or to find many readers if he does.

Political calculus

DAVID BUTLER and DONALD STOKES: *Political Change in Britain 1945-1966*. Macmillan. £4.10s.

Double harness Dr. David Butler, Nuffield College, Oxford, and Professor Donald Stokes, Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan, have made a pioneering exploration of the forces shaping the political change in Britain since 1945. They have been studies of exceptional value but they were limited in time, and they were concerned with electoral change without making direct research among voters on the causes of change. And *Political Change in Britain* suggests that the causes of change are not only infinitely more complex than many politicians assume but also different from what is often assumed. It is fair to say that the research has done less to formulate the final answers than to map the axis for the later exploration that will stand the best chance of leading to the answers.

The lack of definition in the conclusions may be illustrated by two or three apparently conflicting findings. Dr. Butler has assigned a lot of significance to some interesting speculations about the political cycle: that is, in between general elections millions of voters die, millions of young voters move on to the registers. The hallowed theory that voters begin on the political left and move right as they grow older is questioned, and it is argued that "the conservation of established political tendencies is what increases with age... we must ask not how old the elector is but when it was that he was young". Moreover, four out of five of the authors' respondents said that they had always supported the same party, and those who change parties have a tendency to return to base on a "home" instinct.

In this way it is speculated that there is a slow-working advantage to Labour moving through the electoral system in the next few decades, as Conservatives increasingly go to the graveyard and younger Labour generations succeed them on the registers. Yet the authors note that in recent years polling data on class and party

have amply confirmed the hypothesis that the working-class elector was likely to be the middle-class elector to support the party of the opposite class, and more than a quarter of British electors fail to vote in accord with their class. Furthermore:

It is not only that children rising into the middle class are liable to switch away from their parents' partisanship to Conservatism. It also appears that those who rise into the middle class are drawn to a disproportionate extent from children of working class Conservatives. When we compare the rate of upward mobility among those born into the working class according to the party of their parents, we find more than twice as many children from Conservative than from Labour homes moving into the middle class. The key to this probably lies in the family's aspirations for the child's success in education and in other pathways to higher status such as marriage.

In these examples some of the cross-currents of electoral forces may be seen in opposition. It may seem reasonable to argue that a Labour Government might help to promote upward mobility in the working class by the emphasis it gives to education and the opportunities it provides for working-class children to rise in the world. Yet in an apparent paradox the authors share the scepticism about the hope once vested by Conservatives in the bourgeoisie theory during Mr. Harold Macmillan's early years as Prime Minister. Changes of housing level and neighbourhood milieu, they found, did not produce a dramatic shift of class identification.

It is in this sense of inconclusiveness that *Political Change in Britain* only begins the long task of stripping away succeeding veils from the mystery of what causes the voting shifts that make and unmake British Governments. Dr. Butler and Professor Stokes, with admirable modesty, have really declared that they do not yet know the answers, but they have certainly done enough to show that the answers are well worth searching for and they have shown the direction in which the answers will be found.

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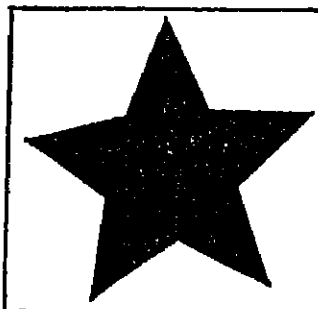
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The 'aemulus' of Donatello

G. PASSAVANT: Verrocchio. 223pp.
Phaidon. £7.

To prepare a monograph about Verrocchio is a far from easy task. Equally proficient as painter and sculptor, Verrocchio can be discussed only by a scholar whose experience spans both fields. This was tacitly recognized both by Pliniscig, who twenty-eight years ago published a little book on Verrocchio as a sculptor but also acquired a reputation that earned him some of the most prominent commissions of the time. He seems to have been trained as a marble sculptor in the Rossellino studio. The first work illustrated in this book, the tomb slab of "Cosimo de' Medici" in San Lorenzo in Florence (before 1467), is related not to the models with which it is here associated but to the floor of the Annunziata tabernacle, a Medici commission laid down in 1462 by Bernardo Rossellino, which is known today from an early seventeenth-century replica in pietra dura.

After 1464, while still closely connected with the Rossellino studio, Verrocchio seems to have carved the magnificent lavabo adjacent to the Old Sacristy of San Lorenzo, a work accepted by Pliniscig and most modern scholars but rejected by Dr. Passavant. The context for Verrocchio's work as a decorative bronze sculptor, both in the dated candlestick of 1468 at Amsterdam and in the obelisk of the Medici monument, is provided by another work which Dr. Passavant neglects to mention, the frame made by Vittorio Ghisbardi for Andrea Pisano's bronze door on the Baptistery, on which work was in progress between 1456 and 1463.

As a bronze sculptor Verrocchio's fame rests securely upon four great works, the "Putto with a Fish" in the Palazzo Vecchio, the "David" in the Bargello, the "Christ and St. Thomas" on Or San Michele and the Colleoni Monument. Dr. Passavant believes, on the evidence of a late sixteenth-century German visitor to Florence, that the "Putto with a Fish" rotated under water pressure, but provides no other data to support this interesting hypothesis. He observes, quite correctly, that it is "developed on all sides equally, but that it is impossible to pin down a single intentional principal viewpoint." The posture of the "David" is likewise fully circular, though German academic critics in the last century spent some time searching for its true front. Dr. Passavant does so too, and even includes a photograph

The attributions of the secondary paintings are in a state of sad disorder, and confirm what might be

suspected from the treatment of the sculptures, that the compiler of the book has a fallible eye and no compensating sense of probability. The main merit of the volume is that it provides a corpus of sometimes excellent photographs of works by or associated with Verrocchio.

Verrocchio was born in 1435, and we know nothing of him as a sculptor before the age of thirty. As late as 1457 he still practised as a goldsmith, but in the next six or seven years he not only graduated as a sculptor but also acquired a reputation that earned him some of the most prominent commissions of the time. He seems to have been trained as a marble sculptor in the Rossellino studio. The first work illustrated in this book, the tomb slab of "Cosimo de' Medici" in San Lorenzo in Florence (before 1467), is related not to the models with which it is here associated but to the floor of the Annunziata tabernacle, a Medici commission laid down in 1462 by Bernardo Rossellino, which is known today from an early seventeenth-century replica in pietra dura.

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"seen from the old, erroneous viewpoint."

The earliest literary reference to Verrocchio is by Pomponius Gauricus, who, according to Dr. Passavant, "refers to Verrocchio as 'aemulus' of Donatello, meaning the successor and artistic heir, and not, as has often been supposed, implying a true teacher-pupil relationship." Whether "aemulus" could in any circumstances imply either of these things is open to doubt, but the term is surely used by Gauricus in its conventional sense of "rival", and must relate to the substitution of Verrocchio's "Christ and St. Thomas" for Donatello's "St. Louis of Toulouse" on Or San Michele and to the challenge offered by the Colleoni to the Gattamelata monument. The new book provides some first-rate plates and an adequate analysis of both commissions.

Where Dr. Passavant goes most seriously astray is in his discussion of Verrocchio's marble sculptures, and especially of the Forteguerri monument at Pistoia. In his view "even the best parts, the head of Christ and the head of Faith, cannot, when seen in the original, brook comparison with authentic works of Verrocchio like the Madonna relief from S. Maria Nuova or the bust of a woman in the Bargello." The fact is that those sections of the Forteguerri monument on which Verrocchio worked, when seen in the original, are by far the most distinguished marble sculptures of their time, and only if they are compared with works in another medium or of another date are their special qualities liable to be misunderstood.

Dr. Passavant rejects the view, held by all previous scholars, that the little terracotta models of two angels in the Louvre were made in connexion with the cenotaph, and argues instead that they "were prob-

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One of the important items in the autumn Cornhill Magazine covered assessment of *Stargazing* by A. E. Heinemann. Copies are available from Cornhill, 50, Aldgate Street, London, E3 9JF.

Problems of identity

L. BARKER: John Brown's Body. 248pp. The Hogarth Press. 30s.

Reviewers were any good at publishing relations, Miss Barker would be great deal more widely known. Her short stories and three earlier novels have had consistent praise, and *John Brown's Body* deserves equally that they precede the book. Barker, who has acquired a taste for her precise and idiosyncratic talent. Perhaps, after all, it is the greater talent related to the project for which the Forteguerri monument was the tomb. The flying figure of the monument is related to the project for which the Forteguerri monument was the tomb. The flying figure of the monument is related to the project for which the Forteguerri monument was the tomb.

One of the cruces of Verrocchio's criticism is the relation between the painted and the sculptural. Neither the Forteguerri monument nor the so-called Doge's tomb have been conceived by a sculptor who was not a painter, while the length "Madonna" in the Bargello is a close equivalent in quality to the painting to a carved Madonna. Dr. Passavant has little to say about this, and fails also to mention an important and neglected aspect of Verrocchio's work, the terracotta reliefs made for the Della Robbia workshop, where they were glazed, but in view of the author's introduction of the Forteguerri monument, which has not been published in this country, the first four volumes of the *La Battaille de Pharsale*, *La Battaille de Pharsale*, *La Battaille de Pharsale*, and *Our Man in Rome* will be published on April 1970, at 35s. each.

A new collected edition of the works of Graham Greene has been announced by William Heinemann shop, where they were and the Bodley Head, to appear in 1970, at 35s. each. The first four volumes of the *La Battaille de Pharsale*, *La Battaille de Pharsale*, *La Battaille de Pharsale*, and *Our Man in Rome* will be published on April 1970, at 35s. each.

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in technology,
and especially
in the
communications
media, radically
alter not only
our life styles
but our very
perception
of the world.

app + whiling

calling in the mahogany wardrobe or "running beautifully away... an arrow flying from the fire to the sun". But she worries Tomelby by wandering about all day in his dressing-gown, disliking what she calls "the monkey business" in bed, and refusing to care about what he calls being alive.

It intrigues her when the bowler-hatted man in the top flat, Ralph Shilling, strikes Jack as being "the dead ringer" of a certain John Brown he used to know, for John Brown had been acquitted, through lack of evidence, of a peculiarly vicious double murder. What if Mr. Shilling really were John Brown?

In fact, although he works for a pesticide firm, Ralph Shilling is a sad man alone with a stray cat, easily persuaded to lend his savings to an unscrupulous office colleague, fond of his solitary rum at the local, dutifully spending weekends with his wife and sister-in-law Emmy—a marriage of convenience, an isolated farmhouse on the Essex coast. Perhaps it is because he already finds it a strain to cope with others who can not, as he does, accept the bleak truth that Ralph is instantly bewitched by Marise and her childish fantasy about his identity. She becomes an obsessive image of freedom and excitement, all the promise of exquisite unpredictable desire he has never had. He imagines he is being followed, gleefully researches criminal records, discovers he is capable of the murderous

impulses of a John Brown, breaks the routine that had been so precious to him.

But Marise's day in Essex is disastrous. The bright blowy estuary scares her, the farmhouse turns out to contain hunting relics but also a bed which goads Ralph to desperation—though not the kind of her fantasy killer. Anyway, his two women are dull and pathetic. What might have happened to change her cruel, incomprehensible, humiliating life is no longer even worth hoping for or dreaming of, and to have provoked the total destruction of Ralph's former self is no compensation.

These bare bones of Miss Barker's story give little idea of how compactly and carefully she has filled in a background both funny and sinister: how the "steak-eating" faces in the pub play guessing games, "like a bushful of sparrows" round Ralph's paranoid isolation; how Emmy moves from cranky hypochondria to deathly panic; how Marise, like a bright child, asks the unanswered, each laconic, Pinterish exchange lies the fearful, true sense of what the words mean. And without ever sounding pretentiously "poetic", Miss Barker succeeds in using startling memorable imagery, thereby establishing precisely how blunted our senses have become by the clumsy, stereotyped language with which many novelists of wider fame so often make do.

The seeing ear

CLAUDE SIMON: *La Battaille de Pharsale*. 271pp. Paris Editions de Minuit. 15fr.

After starting *Le Palace* with a close-up of a Spanish pigeon and a close-up of a Spanish pigeon and a close-up of a Spanish pigeon, Claude Simon opens *La Battaille de Pharsale* with a synthetic presence: a French pigeon. As it passes between the narrator and the sun the bird's shadow, shaped like a crossbow, sets off a novel as dense, relentless and funereal as any that Simon has published. Once provoked, the mind behind the narrative eye loses to and fro morbidly in its past and makes only trifling returns to the present in search of rescue from the reheated emotions which are victimizing it.

La Battaille de Pharsale is a sequence of a little observation and much reflection in which there is no let-up before the book ends, but it is split, formally, into three sections: "Achille immobile à grands pas", "Lexique" and "Chronologie des événements". The title of the first section comes from Valéry's poem about the Eleatic Zeno and his temporal paradoxes, and it summarizes the demoralizing truth with which Simon has long been engaged: that the divisibility of time is an intellectual confidence trick, that the heart has its reasons for knowing that it is duration which is real and which kills us. The continuity of *La Battaille de Pharsale*, where each scene, however short or long, emerges visually or affectively from the one before, is thus a memo of dissolution, and the promise of stability held out by the titles of the second and third sections of the novel is not kept.

The mind at work in *La Battaille de Pharsale*, however, runs not quite straightforwardly on death, because the episode from the past to which it is called back most obsessively is one of sexual jealousy. As a young art student in Paris the narrator door found his mistress's garret door bolted and the sounds of her infidelity coming from inside. His repeated recollections of the scene are too graphic to be true and are indeed exposed as inventions, since he could only hear not see what was going on: the scene is an agonizing supposition, created by what he calls "l'opacité du voile". And, as always with Simon, the second very head

impulses of a John Brown, breaks the routine that had been so precious to him.

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And yet *A Single Summer* is original in the standpoint it takes: the events come to us not through the medium of the literary principals, but of Polidori, the literary aspirant and talented physician, at twenty-one not much younger than any of the others, and a pathetic addition (in his capacity as Byron's personal doctor) to a milieu which both fascinated and destroyed him. The narrative is mainly in Mr. Marlowe's hands. Sober and unobtrusive, it is eked out with the documentary evidence: letters, scraps of authentic dialogue, and memoirs of this brilliant, claustrophobic and self-tormenting circle. The method savours of dexterous and well-informed collage, and the manner is romantic, as Byron and Shelley visit the scenes of Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and Madame de Staël and Beau Brummell make their entrances. Mr. Marlowe's earlier novels lacked no resource of ingenuity, and he may claim to be one of the most intelligently enterprising of the younger novelists. If *A Single Summer* looks like something of a sideways step into a modish form of documentary for a writer endeavouring to consolidate his reputation, it is none the less a fresh, discerning and accurate account of these much-studied romantic lives.

Romantic collage

DEREK MARLOWE: *A Single Summer* with L.B. 252pp. Cape. 30s.

The historical novel which invents the conversations and interior monologues of the very famous is almost a discarded enterprise, considered implausible except in the cause of satire or ideology. On the other hand, the documentary which re-enacts actual events with a minimum of invention is becoming a respectable and popular, even an intellectually fashionable, form. Mr. Marlowe's acknowledgments express gratitude to Mr. Ken Russell, whose accomplished television re-creations of the lives of the great are painstaking exercises in loving veracity. If he also thanks Mr. Christopher Logue it is a kind of testimony to the hagiographical spirit in which he celebrates the horrid and colourful, high Romantic, summer of 1816 in which Byron, "Claire" Clairmont, Shelley, Mary and Dr. John Polidori were together on the shores of Lake Lemman, *The Prisoner of Chillon* was inspired, and *Frankenstein* begun.

And yet *A Single Summer* is original in the standpoint it takes: the

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The first edition of this book, published in 1958, was described as 'a classic in science policy which has had a very considerable influence on both economists and scientists in Europe and the United States'. To the second edition the authors have added important inventions that have occurred since then and a chapter summarising and testing all the relevant literature of the past ten years.

The Euro-bond Market

Paul Einzig

Under this new title, Dr Einzig has drastically revised his *Foreign Dollar Loans in Europe* in the light of important changes that have occurred during the five years since the book was published. It includes many of the lessons that have been drawn from the new experience in a market which, being essentially new, had to develop its rules gradually.

France and West Africa

An Anthology of Historical Documents

Edited by John D. Hargreaves

The focus of this anthology of documents is concentrated on African relations with the French. The editor has provided texts which will open up discussion of historical problems and will illustrate the range of documentary sources.

The Elizabethan Theatre

Edited by David Galloway

The emphasis of this book is on the structure of certain Elizabethan theatres, especially the Second Blackfriars, the Cockpit-in-Court and the Swan's Head in Whitechapel—but all the essays, in a variety of ways, show a strong awareness of the physical conditions in which Shakespeare and other dramatists of the age worked.

International Organisation: World Politics

Edited by Robert W. Cox

This is a collection of papers by political scientists and economists adopting non-normative approaches to the study of international organisation and concentrating on economic and social activities.

Macmillan

Scorn and sadness

DONALD DAVIE: *Essex Poems*, 1983. Pp. 53pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

The themes of Donald Davie's new collection are Nature and civilization, peace and death, love and spiritual emptiness—curiously metaphysical concerns, one might think, for so studiously reticent, stringently pragmatic a poet. A new note seems to have entered Davie's poetry with this volume, as its final lines suggest:

The transcendental nature
Of poetry, how I need it!
And yet it was for years
What I refused to credit.

"Need" is the crucial term, with its stressed emotional urgency. It points, throughout the book, to a withdrawal from a felt blackness in ordinary life: a withdrawal at once so total and so indiscriminate that it can only reach the outer edge of articulation. The firm, coolly wrought ubiquity of style which Davie has come to practise so expertly still holds: but now its pulse seems maintained against the pressure of an isolation and rootlessness too undermining to be effectively transmuted in the poetry itself. That process of transmutation is still seen as the

Neither dramatic nor poetic

TRUMAN GUY STEFFAN: *Lord Byron's "Cain"*. 509pp. University of Texas Press. (American University Publishers Group). £7.3s.

According to an early reviewer, *Cain* contains, perhaps, five or six passages of as fine poetry as Lord Byron ever wrote or will write; but, taken altogether, it is a wicked and blasphemous performance, devoid of any merit sufficient to overshadow any essential defects of the most abominable nature. We are less sensitive on such scores nowadays: *Cain* has even been performed in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. But Byron's concern to utter his challenging speculations can still be held to damage the work as a dramatic poem.

Since its protagonist is committed from the start to defiance of God, Lucifer has too little to do. His task is the very simple and perhaps unnecessary one of encouraging, by spectacular means, a revolt that is already well under way. Nor does the inverted Manichaeism by which he identifies himself with freedom and enlightenment, and God with tyranny and obscurantism, meet with the kind of resistance from either Cain or his wife that could heighten its dramatic effect. In short, Lucifer and Cain come close to being merely two voices serving a single authorial doctrine. The minor, docile characters seem feeble in comparison with them. Byron was perhaps a little disingenuous, and was surely in the wrong, when he argued that Cain and Lucifer are autonomous dramatic creations and speak only for themselves.

The "five or six passages" which stand out in the poem are passages of powerful rhetoric rather than of evocative poetry. Elsewhere the verse of *Cain* tends to approximate to a fluent and purposeful, if sometimes careless, prose. Though the metrical pattern never quite disappears, it can grow faint. Despite occasional incisive formulations, such as "Lucifer's harsh dismissal of the heavenly host", "smooth agonies of adulation", the language is rarely memorable in detail.

Professor Steffan thinks more highly of *Cain* than this. He maintains that it gives convincingly dramatic expression to Byron's ideas and that the characters speak for themselves. Central to his scrupulously edited text of the poem. This occupies about 100 pages; 400 other pages contain annotations to the text, essays on the history of the work and on its

necessary and redemptive work of art. The practice of an art is to convert all terms into the terms of art.

—but the sense of absence at the heart of the volume seems, nevertheless, resistant to any complete expression. When it breaks fully into the open, it emerges as stark statement or cryptic notation, in symbols which are offered rather than critically examined:

Resignation, oh winter tree
At peace, at peace
Read what you will
A wish that fathers. In a field between
The Soken, Thorpe and Kirby, stands
A bare Epiphany.

It might be said that the peace of which the poems speak is so ultimate that hint and symbol are its only proper expressions; yet the oppositions around which some of the poems turn—silence against discourse, Nature and death against society—are, when fully exposed, unfocused and even naive, for such a finely intelligent poet. Thanks to industrial Essex I have spun on the greasy axis Of business and sociometrics. I know that what they merit is not score, sometimes scorn. And hatred, but sadness really. The limps of this amount, in

ideas, characters, images, language, and metre, essays on the reception of the poem from 1821 to the present day, and the necessary scholarly apparatus supporting all of these. Professor Steffan is patient, informative, methodical, reasonable, and judicious.

He is shakier in his discussion of the metre of *Cain*. Unaccountably reluctant either to permit an anapaest or to elide, he taps out—

To inherit agonies accumulated
—into a trochaic hexameter! He finds any number of less regular hexameters: for example—

Souls who dare look the omnipotent tyrant in,
—and—
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls,
—and even—
Night satiate the insatiable of life.

These and other extraordinary scanstions compel us to ask what the relaxed but acceptable iambic pentameters of *Cain* can possibly sound like to this Dr. Moreau of prosodists.

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Dark and dated

WILLIAM B. BRASHEAR: *The Living Will: A Study of Tennyson and Nineteenth Century Subjectivism*. 178pp. The Hague: Mouton, 30fl.

Dr. Brashear presents Tennyson as a darkly brooding spokesman of nineteenth-century subjectivism or vitalist thought. He does not claim that Fichte or Schopenhauer or Nietzsche directly influenced the poet. But in his view all four exemplify a philosophical trend that brought a fresh awareness of the deeper and more chaotic forces within the human consciousness: a rediscovery, in other words, of the Dionysian realm. Like others of the movement, Tennyson felt in himself both an impulse to merge or be lost in this chaos and an opposing Apollonian impulse to resist such dissolution or annihilation, to maintain somehow the integrity of the ego. The struggle between the overwhelming forces of darkness and the unyielding living will dominates many of his finest poems, from "The Two Voices" through *In Memoriam* to *Idylls of the King*. In the latter, the fullest embodiment of Tennyson's will, "sustained in himself the whole Apollonian illusion of Camelot, with its entire fellowship of the

Round Table"; but when he has gone, "to death or elsewhere, the world is left in night again, and darkness is the ultimate victor". Many readers have commented upon Tennyson's distrust of intellect and his profound but undespising pessimism. By relating the forms these main movements in nineteenth-century thought, Dr. Brashear has performed a useful service. He does not claim to have told the whole truth about Tennyson, but he has certainly illuminated a centrally important part of it.

Unfortunately, his book was evidently written about ten years ago and contains no mention of the often time highly relevant work done since that time. In addition, it has been stripped of the bibliography that it must surely have possessed in its original form. As a result, readers will sometimes have difficulty in identifying the works referred to in the footnotes. On page 76, for instance, Dr. Brashear alludes to an "op. cit." by each of four authors whom he has not named on any earlier page. (Checking that this is the case was a laborious business, since Dr. Brashear has supplied no index.) Even this text is unreliable: materials are frequently cited as being essentially vulnerable

the end, to a wearily conventional Romantic wisdom, at odds with the still alertly discriminating technique. It is the blank disjunction between the placed local details of "The Soken, Thorpe and Kirby" and the mute, inscrutable Epiphany, which discloses the essential slackening of engaged intelligence in the poem. Or, to put it another way, it is the lack of relation within a single poem between a characteristically fastidious, self-consciously literary gesture—

And the Soken of Peterborough
Is one long arm of the cold veiled sea
Of the North

—and the authentic, vulnerably emotional impulse a few lines later: *Pacific, peaceful.*

In these poems from four years' work, the gap between what can be effectively said and the intricately accomplished technique available to say it looms disturbingly large. It is disappointing and ominous, that one of English poetry's most experienced practitioners should come, at this stage, to the point where all that can be offered, against a discerned loss in social and personal life, is really no more than a different kind of blankness.

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On the eve

BRUNELLO VIGEZI: *Da Giolitti a Salandra*. 412pp. Florence: Vallecchi. L.3.500.

In this volume Dr. Vigezi has published six essays concerned with Italy on the eve of her entry into the First World War: of these the first three have already appeared in learned journals, the one on the "radiant days" of May, 1915, as long ago as 1959. The other three go over more or less the same ground. Was there a ruling class, was there a public opinion in Italy in 1914 and 1915, and if so, did they desire neutrality or intervention? Dr. Vigezi obviously knows an enormous amount about what was said and written at the time, but his book is confused by too much overlapping. His claim to be primarily concerned with historiography and with exposing the mistaken notions of mere historians, who have presumed that the liberal state still survived in Italy after it had ceased to do so, causes him to display an infuriating indifference towards the sequence of events. Using those invaluable prefects' reports which provide the main item in the diet of the modern historian in Italy, he succeeds in presenting those of May, 1915 (for their contents), before he offers a collection of them written in the previous month. It is made as difficult as possible for the reader to understand how feeling in Italy developed, or was thought by the prefects to develop, in this critical period. The historiographer thus blocks the path of the historian, and the impression is one of even greater confusion than that which reigned in Italy at the time.

Could the liberal state be democratized as Giolitti felt that it must be if it were to survive? Salandra, who succeeded Giolitti in March, 1914, represented those conservative liberals who wished to be faithful to Cavour; they regarded universal suffrage as the negation of liberalism but would Cavour have thought this in 1914? In Salandra's view, the anarchy of Red Week in June, 1914, had been the direct consequence of the extension of the suffrage in the previous year. If the rulers of Italy did not go to war on the side of the Triple, which Dr. Vigezi thinks might easily have happened in 1914, by 1915 they felt constrained to join the other side in order to give back to Italy her "national coherence" through war. So influential a liberal as Luigi Albertini, the editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, believed that

intervention on the Allies' side was the only way to escape from Giolitti's system which, like Salvemini, he had come to regard as fundamentally corrupt. The decision to go to war, Dr. Vigezi implies, ended the liberal chapter and opened the fascist one. This is not a new interpretation, nor is it necessarily valid. An authoritarian war-machine can be discarded when peace returns, as other countries showed. Like other Italian critics, Dr. Vigezi feels that the ordinary people were remote and apathetic before Italy joined the war; at the same time he seems to condemn the street demonstrations in favour of intervention as "South American". Then, as at other times and in other places, all initiatives could not run through Parliament, which, thanks to Giolitti's system, contained a big majority against intervention. But it was a Parliament which had been elected before the war situation could have been contemplated. By the spring of 1915 the prefects reported the South to be expressing only loyalty to the Crown and to the southern Prime Minister, Salandra, while in the Centre and North there was either enthusiasm to join the Allies or out-and-out socialist pacifism—both with a republican flavour though a majority of interventionists were probably monarchist nationalists.

Dr. Vigezi's fourth essay is based upon a correspondence between Otto Joel of the Banca Commerciale Italiana and Prince Billow and also with von Jagow, then German Foreign Secretary. The Banca Commerciale had been founded with German capital and was furiously attacked by chauvinist interventionists as exiling German pressure against true Italian interests; these attacks were indeed part of the interventionist campaign in the early months of 1915. It is therefore interesting to find Joel telling his German correspondents only that Vienna should not delay its offers to Rome too long if Italy was to be kept out of the war and other harmless advice of this kind. However, the letters published by Dr. Vigezi do not prove that no others were written to or from the Banca Commerciale—it was, after all, Tübingen who was the butt of hostile invective. Incidentally the reader is left to speculate whether Joel wrote to Billow and Jagow in Italian or whether these letters have been translated from the German: since Billow's wife was Italian and Jagow had been German Ambassador in Rome for four years either is possible.

French institution

J. H. SHENNAN: *The Parlement of Paris*. 359pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3.10s.

Although the Parlement of Paris cannot really bear comparison with its namesake at Westminster, in terms of either power or prestige, it was still one of the most important institutions of the ancien régime in France. Dr. Shennan's book on the 500-year history of the Parlement is therefore certain to be of great value to teachers and students of French history, and particularly in Britain, where ideas about the character and role of the court are often extremely vague. He has made an excellent job of explaining its composition and functions, and of tracing its political importance at different periods. But *The Parlement of Paris* is obviously intended to be more than a serviceable work of reference, and in this wider aim it is less successful.

This relative failure is understandable, for the history of the Parlement fairly bristles with difficulties. Not only does it cover the period between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, an enormous time-span for any historian to tackle; the amount of paper accumulated during these years is likely to defy even computerized researchers. Dr. Shennan estimates that the 10,500 volumes of minutes contain five million judicial decisions, and this is after two major fires which must have destroyed many more.

Faced with this intimidating mass of evidence, he has apparently decided to leave the dusty pages unturned and rely on the material published by previous scholars. This is a perfectly justifiable decision, and there is certainly no sense in making a fetish out of the study of original sources. But it does mean that there is nothing in the book that can strictly speaking be described as new. And on some subjects which deserved attention there is nothing at all, presumably because the printed documents and monographs do not touch them, or because Dr. Shennan missed the clues.

Some of the most serious deficiencies occur in the first part of the book which deals with the Parlement as a court of law. On the very important subject of torture the author simply follows the classic account by Esmein, and adds nothing of his own: in particular, he fails to analyse the process by which the practice fell into disuse in the late eighteenth century. A similar failure to offer explanations occurs in the discussion of relations between the court and the provincial Parlements:

the change from mutual suspicion to alliance is hardly accounted for at all. The censorship is another subject which demands far more searching treatment than it receives, and much could have been made of such episodes as the condemnation of the *Encyclopédie*, which is not even mentioned.

The attitudes of the magistrates are described in general terms, but a great deal more could be said about them. For instance, Professor Mandrou has recently demonstrated the importance of the *libertin* group among the *parlementaires* in putting a stop to the witchcraft persecutions, but nothing about their existence could be deduced from a reading of this book. Nor is any explanation offered for the heavy investment in *rentes* by the magistrates; the fact is simply recorded.

The second and longer part is devoted to the political role of the Parlement. Here again the narrative is competent and useful, but many interesting questions are left unanswered. For example, Dr. Shennan asserts that the ratification of the Treaty of Troyes in 1420 caused a sharp decline in the prestige of the Parlement, but he cites no evidence and does not explain how this prestige rose and fell.

A general fault throughout the book is the lack of attention paid to criticisms or reactions from outside the Parlement, an analysis of which could surely have illuminated its political standing and influence. And very often the *parlementaire* respect for tradition is treated as an adequate justification for actions whose wisdom and even impartiality may be open to considerable doubt. The persistent Gallicanism of the Parlement led it to oppose the Concordat of Bologna, but the Concordat was not necessarily a worse bargain for the country than the Pragmatic Sanction. It did, of course, carry the implication that lucrative benefices in the Church would be in the gift of the monarch, and not of chapters filled with the members of noble and *parlementaire* families.

Perhaps the most important period of the court's history was the last, that of the reigns of Louis XV and

Local affairs

G. W. JONES: *Borough Politics: A Study of the Wolverhampton Borough Council 1889-1964*. 418pp. Macmillan. £8.

It is with apprehension that one approaches a book on local government costing £6. Unnecessarily in this case, for *Borough Politics* is neither too long nor too learned. It is, however, well planned and thorough; it is also in places trivial without being boring. Perhaps it is lack of personal involvement that limits Dr. Jones's appreciation of the fascinating parish pump affairs have for those who occupy the council chamber; perhaps the discoveries of careful research seem sometimes commonplace only to those who have been watching the play for many years.

Recently it has become quite fashionable to comment on local government generally by examining what has happened and what is happening in specific areas. Ten years ago A. H. Birch contributed an excellent study of Glossop in his *Small-Town Politics*; Colchester and rural district was the way target for Harvey Benham's *Two Cheers for the Town Hall*; and, in 1967, some most useful comparisons were made between methods in Middleton, Salford, Manchester, and Rochdale in J. G. Bulpin's *Party Politics in English Local Government*. To these and others we now add Dr. Jones's examination of Wolverhampton.

In Dr. Jones's own words the study examines the elected members who they were, why they were organized and what they did.

Louis XVI, during which it was with the monarchy became more stained. Dr. Shennan's some very sensible comments on these developments, and this is probably the most interesting part of the book, but once again a goal more could be said. The Parlement had put up stiff resistance but had been repeatedly put in place: why was it more successful in this period, when the King's control over the country was apparently more complete than ever? The author gives an explanation in terms of political terms, stressing the unwise policies of Fleury and the vacillations of the monarchs. It does not account for the new assurance of the magistrates, nor their wealth, nor does he explain the support they received from opponents of royal claims. It is surely one of the many vexed questions in French society, but it is one best placed to resist post-mortem by the monarchy.

Probably the only possible way that was attempted by M. de Turgot who simply abolished the tax of 1771, and created new tribunals to replace the old ones. It is a pity that the subject himself would be his judicial functions. Dr. Shennan overestimates the revolutionary implications of this step; the Parlement had been effectively deprived of political power under Louis XIV, and that monarch had not been weakly weakened as a result of the trouble with the *ancien régime* that it had too much law, not little, and that vested right in reform in any direction virtually impossible. Of course M. de Turgot's force was illusory, even if Louis XVI negated it by the Parlement upon his accession. Kings, ministers and magistrates all trapped within the preconceptions of their upbringing, and the elimination of one centre of power made little difference to the overall situation.

Most of these problems are much easier to raise than to deal with, and if *The Parlement of Paris* is not quite as good as might have been, it is still a scholarly and useful piece of work.

Much emphasis, and rightly so, is on the effect of the growth of politics in Wolverhampton, a city where some of the changes in the relationship between official and unofficial; too little, perhaps, on the *bourgeoisement* of the distribution of leisure and other factors of the social revolution; and not enough on the limitations on personal enterprise imposed by bureaucracy and big business.

Dr. Jones's devotion to the subject is thirty-three of them in appendix is rewarding, although sometimes the commentary in body of the book borders on the necessary: for example, that of the table of the Average Age of Council members has only banalities to say. What makes *Borough Politics* usually interesting is the fact that named and their actions recalled, ease with which most "indispensable" accepted the inevitable of 1940s and assumed the mantle of servatism is rather surprising. In politically conscious places the verhampton many reputations, valuable independents were not "concealed".

Most of them may have voted Conservative, at parliamentary elections but often "party politics" were down the list of their enthusiasms. Most councillors, who were not more than three years old, and if we are to judge from these memoirs, he was not only beautiful but intelligent, endowed with a tact and character extraordinary for a child of his time. The Queen—but here, again, perhaps, we should make allowance for the devoted loyalty of the writer. The Queen showed courage and nobility and kindness. In these memoirs Louis XVI and his appear, once more, as the unerring victims of politics. One can only hope that the author, especially when some first-hand details are revealed, will not be too human beings. Mme. de Turgot was in the Berlin with them on the flight to Varennes, and

The full Churchillian orchestra

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL: *Winston S. Churchill*. Companion Volume II. Part 1, 1901-1907. 875pp. Part 2, 1907-1911. pp. 676-1,373. Part 3, 1911-1914. pp. 1374-2,159. Heinemann. £10.10s. the set.

Randolph Churchill died in June, 1968, leaving unfinished the biography of his father which he had so well begun. To succeed him the Churchill Trustees, appointed in October, 1968, Mr. Martin Gilbert, Fellow of Merton College. His first task was the revision of this Companion Volume which, he states in his preface, Mr. Churchill had already brought to its final stages of production. Its generous size, nearly three times that of the volume which it illustrates, is consonant with his policy of including "the bulk of the relevant letters which his father wrote and received... together with correspondence concerning him which has been added to the original extracts from Hansard and the press, and some official documents from the files of the Colonial Office, Board of Trade, Home Office and Admiralty, but since this last class of documents is now open to the scrutiny of historians, only the most important are printed here.

The result may sound formidable; it is in fact fascinating. The author had the right idea in deciding, with modesty as rare as his discernment, that the subject himself would be his biographer. Nothing is more beguiling to a literary as well as a historical taste, than to follow the process of great events in the words of a master of English rhetoric with all the spontaneity and stir of the contemporary fresh upon them.

Whether he is arguing, as President of the Board of Trade, for a smaller navy or, as First Lord, his eloquence is equally convincing and the sensitive reader trembles at the disastrous consequences of the threat of resignation which each of these different causes—at different times, of course—provoked. This gift of persuasiveness is a remarkable thing, bearing in mind that, after all, these old quarrels are now as dead as the Trojan war, and the specimens here exhibited might well serve as a vindication of rhetoric as Dante's Queen of Sciences.

Every style is illustrated. Both the epistolary and the senatorial can shake hands on an equality with Cicero, across the centuries. As a subdivision of the former there are Churchill's letters to his wife, before and after marriage; it was a hardy venture by their son to expose them to the light of day and, yes, they are a little on the soggy side; but they stand publication better than ninety-nine hundredths of love-letters. Contrast, on the other hand, the tremendous formality of obituary which was called forth and unflinchingly elaborated when honour was at stake in matters of public controversy. "My lord," he writes to the Earl of Lytton, husband of his first love, "I am very sorry to read your statements as reported in the *Times* today. They do not maintain that standard of candour and good faith which I have always associated with you." As for the editor of the *Financial Times*.

if anybody at any time has said so, that person is a liar and a slanderer; and if anybody has repeated this statement and said he had no evidence and believed it to be false but that there

it was, the only difference between that person and a liar and a slanderer is that he is a coward in addition.

Brilliant though he is both in dialectic and declamation, perhaps the most sustained demonstration of his command of language comes in the series of Parliamentary reports which, as Home Secretary, he had the duty of sending each night to the King. They were composed usually on the front bench, with little time for elaboration or polishing; occasionally they startled George V with an unwelcome vivacity of expression, but for the most part they are as smooth and respectful as they are succinct. Amusingly partisan, too, Churchill was determined always to see that the Whig dogs had the better of it, though he would put in a word of commendation for a Tory speaker if he were such a particular friend as F. E. Smith.

This volume has an obvious advantage over its predecessor in that it deals with more important events. All the great themes of the period are illustrated with inside knowledge—Free Trade, Independence of the Transvaal and South Africa, Home Rule and, dominating the closing pages, the naval challenge of Germany. Churchill's character, as it matured, is also displayed. There is already that passion for change, almost for the sake of change, that remained with him to the last days of his second Prime Ministership. There is the hatred for hierarchy which led him to seek advice from subordinates, often setting them against their superiors; there is the devotion to eccentrics and charlatans. The partisanship is fierce, but across the floor of the stormiest House of Commons yet known it is mitigated by personal friendships.

In his own war memoirs Churchill printed plenty of his personal letters and minutes but very few indeed of the replies. His son's practice has been more equitable, and the volume gains thereby. Not many of his correspondents match up to him, but it makes for relief amid the surge and thunder of the Churchillian orchestra to have from time to time an oboe solo from Arthur Balfour and an air from Asquith's philosophy. There is one letter here from Balfour which is the finest piece of deflation ever practised on Churchill—the victim ruefully and indirectly admits it. There are other reminders too that he could be mistaken or, as Edward VII put it, "somewhat sanguine in his prognostications". That remark was made with reference to the Transvaal: as all the world now knows, the clever and progressive liberal ministers and all the brilliant young men of Milner's kindergarten were wrong and King Edward and a number of fools and blimps were right. Lloyd George, who was undoubtedly a better speaker than writer, makes no great impression here. The last chapters are enlivened by numerous letters from Fisher, written at the top of his voice but mixing facts with fable. Lord Hugh Cecil has perhaps the smoothest pen among the regular correspondents.

Printing and presentation are admirable. Prosopographical annotation is thorough and has obviously been called for much labour and pains. The editing of the text gives the impression of being rather less careful than in the preceding volume. There is a spattering of misdrawing attention to usually verbal slips but the editor, have passed over without comment some thirty odd misread-

ings, most of which can be easily corrected. Take the first instance noted, from the year 1903: Mr Sidney Lowe is writing of Joseph Chamberlain.

His chief asset is the exaggerated and extravagant pseudo-imperialist idolatry which he has allowed and assisted to set up. I always thought he would make the Unionist party "Nay-Nay-Nay" for that or any.

It only calls for a moment's reflection to decide that an historian and alderman of the L.C.C. would be likely to write English not gibberish, and a further moment will restore the correct reading "Pay-Pay-Pay", a pointed allusion to the chorus of "The Absent-minded Beggar". A similar misreading from the year 1913 is more important because it occurs in a political document of great significance. This is the highly private letter from F. E. Smith to Churchill in which he actually suggests the tactics which might be used against his own leader, Carson. "Couldn't you ask," he writes, "what does Sir Ed Carson mean by exclusion? Does he mean that he and his friends will abandon a factions opposition in that part of Ireland when they are in so small a minority?" No part of Ireland has been mentioned, plainly F. E. Smith wrote "where" which makes good sense and restores the significance of this most revealing document. In comparison it is of trifling moment whether the gallant General Sir Bindon Blood really thought he was taking after "Galileo" in expressing no views on Tariff Reform, but an editor might be pardoned for adding (in this case, with or without a reference to the Acts of the Apostles).

Madame Sévère

JEAN CHALON (Editor): *Mémoires de Madame La Duchesse de Tourzel*. 478pp. Paris: Mercure de France. 28.50fr.

On July 26, 1789, twelve days after the fall of the Bastille, Mme. de Tourzel was appointed governess to the Dauphin and his sister, Mme. Royale. "Madame", explained Marie-Antoinette, "I am entrusting my children to your virtue".

At M. Chalon suggests in his useful introduction to these memoirs, the Queen might have spoken of virtues in the plural, for Mme. de Tourzel possessed them all: the cardinal, theological, and a few others as well. "If one considers as a virtue the art of living without flinching during the most dreadful trials, fidelity to an ideal, the most detailed and, at times, the most implacable memory."

Endowed with such virtues, Mme. de Tourzel might have been insufferable to the people around her; indeed, she was highly respected at court and loved by her own children.

The widow of M. de Tourzel, Grand Provost of France, "Madame Sévère", as the Dauphin called her, died at Versailles early in August 1793. The Dauphin himself was then four years old, and if we are to judge from these memoirs, he was not only beautiful but intelligent, endowed with a tact and character extraordinary for a child of his time. The Queen—but here, again, perhaps, we should make allowance for the devoted loyalty of the writer. The Queen showed courage and nobility and kindness. In these memoirs Louis XVI and his appear, once more, as the unerring victims of politics. One can only hope that the author, especially when some first-hand details are revealed, will not be too human beings. Mme. de Tourzel was in the Berlin with them on the flight to Varennes, and

she conveys the tension and apprehension of the journey; she recalls how, at Dormans, on the return to Paris, the Dauphin was so frightened by the cries of the populace

qu'il rêva qu'il était dans un bois avec les loups et la reine y était en danger, et il se réveilla en pleurant et en sanglotant. On ne put le calmer qu'en le conduisant chez cette princesse; et la voyant bien portante, il se laissa recoucher et dormit tranquillement jusqu'au moment du départ.

When, in 1792, the Royal Family arrived at the Temple, to begin their imprisonment.

Such details as this bring these memoirs alive; but there are all too few of them: far fewer than one might expect in a woman's account of events. Mme. Sévère, recalling the Revolution in the days of the Bourbon Restoration, reflects its emotions with indignation and yet with a certain detachment. She discusses politics, the Court, the disintegration of the Régime—but she does so with a somewhat Racinean air: more concerned with morality, with the struggle between vice and virtue, authority and rebellion, dignity and vulgarity, than with the individuals concerned. One constantly wishes that she would discard the *grandes vices d'ensemble* and give us, instead, *les choses vives*. M. Chalon, in his introduction, describes her as the essential, with an eye for the essential. One cannot help wishing that, finding herself in her unique position, Mme. Sévère had not remained what modern journalists call the humblest flight to Varennes, and

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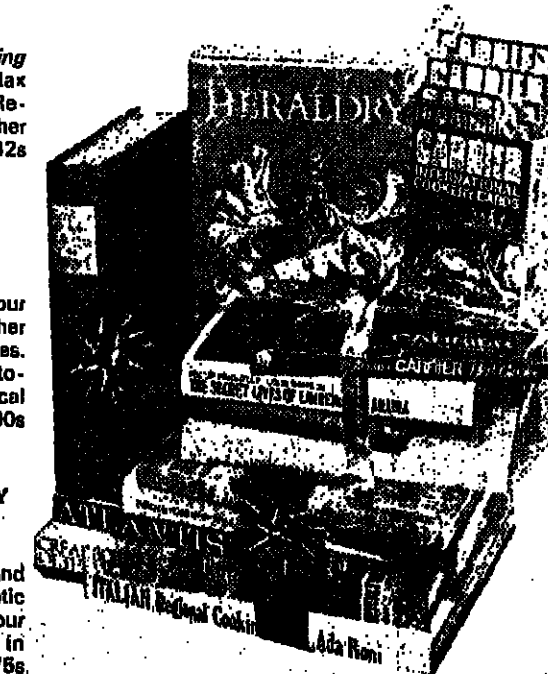
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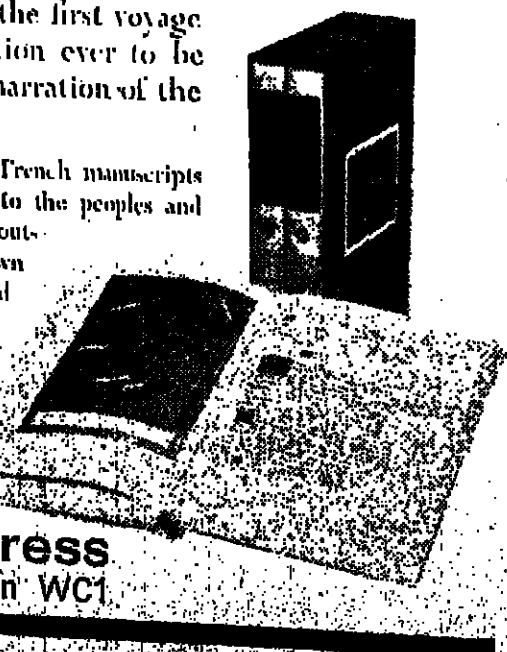
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Comparisons from northern Ghana. Crete as it used debatably to be

JACK GOODY: *Comparative Studies in Kinship*. 261pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 2s.

The ordinary academic who puts out a collection of his published articles places himself in a hazardous position. It will be thought, perhaps, that the pieces thus tendered are presented as exemplary exercises of their kind; or that they are meant to display, more accessibly and durably, the lucubrations of an uncommonly able researcher. In either case they will tend to attract attention, and a scrutiny that not everyone could comfortably withstand.

Dr. Jack Goody, a social anthropologist and Director of the African Studies Centre at Cambridge, sounds quite capable of looking after himself on these counts. At any rate, he introduces this collection of ten papers (two of which were written in collaboration with his wife, Dr. Esther Goody) in very forthright terms. In anthropology, he asserts, the levels of "cultural scholarship" are often "remarkably low", and "nothing marks the anthropological method more than the lack of it". He urges that "We must create the conditions for the emergence of a truly comparative sociology"; and what he has aimed to do in each of the essays is, he declares, "to try and treat specific problems in a way that attempts to test 'theory' against 'evidence', to replace 'assertion by demonstration'". (The effect, it must be said, is stylistically rather impaired by the odd quotation marks, as well as by the author's supposition, evinced in the same place and in two of the chapters, that "holistic" is spelled "wholistic"—and surely no don at an ancient university should write, as is done later, that his data "is" anything.) It is these pretensions, framing the purpose and justifying

the compilation, which demand particular assessment.

Most of the papers are concerned with "limited comparisons of a few societies", contiguous to one another and similar in their cultures, in northern Ghana. There is no denying the solid factual value, or the local interest, of these investigations; but their restricted scope makes it the more obvious that in only one article, "The Classification of Double Descent Systems", is there any comparison which at all exploits the universal purview of social anthropology. This paper, however, merely recommends a definition of double descent, and then classifies some seventy-three societies (revealingly assorted into "Africa" and "Elsewhere") in accordance with it.

How well these examples really fit the classification is uncertain, to judge by the characterization of the Dieri. This Australian society was once famous for decades in anthropological debate (it was the "Murngin" of the nineteenth-century) as a matrilineal system; Howitt's ethnography repeatedly records this rule of descent; and even the secondary source actually cited (Radcliffe-Brown) clearly reports a basic organization into matrilineal moieties—yet Dr. Goody firmly classifies the Dieri as "patrilineal" with only complementary uterine groups. When so prominent a case is got wrong, doubt unavoidably touches the rest. This question of scholarly care is subsidiary, however, to that of the intention: The classification is alleged to be "necessary" because "comparative work demands finer discriminations than former usage provides"; yet nothing is done with these discriminations, and no reference is supplied to indicate any subsequent application. It may be wondered what is the value of a hypothetically superior classification if not even its deviser employs it to

make some discovery or useful inquiry.

Further doubts are prompted by the outcome of another major paper: "The Mother's Brother and Sister's Son in West Africa". In the course of it Dr. Goody levels specific criticisms at J. H. M. Beattie, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and Louis Dumont. Dr. Beattie has published a refutation and has received no rejoinder; Professor Lévi-Strauss curtly observes that his article "obviously has not read what we have written"; and Professor Dumont demonstrates that Dr. Goody has misread and misquoted him. None of these objections is noticed in this volume, nor are the points in dispute in any way qualified. Not that emendations in these respects could have salvaged the central argument, Professor Dumont, in a careful re-analysis, describes it indeed as a "vain task" in which the author "tries . . . to reduce a relation to a substance", an enterprise which he cogently concludes is "not only unconvincing, but sterile". Dr. Goody may understandably disapprove this stern critique, but his neglect to take it into account, or even mention it, when publishing his paper hardly impresses as an attempt to improve the standards of anthropological scholarship or method.

A more patent scholarly failing, to take a concluding example, is perpetuated in the chapter on "Indo-European Kinship", first published in 1959. There was little serious point in publishing it then without reference to Delbrück's pioneering philological survey, "Die indogermanischen Verwandtschaftsnamen" (1899), Schrader's "Über Bezeichnungen der Heiratsverwandtschaft bei den indogermanischen Völkern" (1904), or Hoot's "The Indo-European Kinship System" (1928); and there is

less still in reprinting it now, especially when Dr. Goody has admirably learned that, in any event, the issue he is arguing about is "no terms whatsoever men to address or refer to"; but this is a mistake, apparently on a misunderstanding of whose conclusion is taken out of context. More in the Slavic and Indic and P.I.E. "y" (Mr. wife's brother) mention the idiom of address, cited etymologically by the root meaning "to see". Dr. Goody has a case when he insists that "the whole basis on which this sort of rests needs a good deal of examination"; but it is imprudent to theorize without carrying out a minimal survey of the evidence, and when already invalidate the premises.

It is gratifying that Dr. Goody wishes none the less to test against evidence and to open to him by demonstration, but not by the quite so obvious, discernible fact that these claims happen to be widely perhaps even by those to whom darkly refers as "new structure"—and that the practice of declamatory colleagues does not on these grounds, therefore, often painstaking and only book may be recommended to one interested in the social part of northern Ghana, and the law of property, and less find it convenient to have distasteful ethnographical material collected into one volume.

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JOHN BOWMAN: The Travellers' Guide to Crete. 280pp. Caps. 32s.

The "Travellers' Guides" form an extremely useful series, notable for their convenient size and full information. The only disadvantage of the present volume, on Crete, is that the endpaper maps have had to be reduced so much that the place-names are too small for really comfortable reading.

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The jacket claims that "emphasis has been put on the famous works of Minoan art since these are the focus of interest for the tourist", but Professor Palmer offers no appreciation of them as art even in his appendix, which gives a breakeven tour of Herakleion Museum; for him they are just so many pieces of stratigraphical evidence. He treats the visitor to a poor selection of the time-honoured illustrations in fuzzy inadequate drawings culled from sixty-year-old excavation reports—

or possibly copied from old photographs; how else could a new drawing of "La Parisienne" for a new guide fail to incorporate new pieces recently joined to the fresco? These joins have already been published and a fine colour postcard including them has been on sale in Herakleion for at least four years. The drawings are not provided with scales, and the visitor who is guided around the museum by Professor Palmer may be forgiven a certain surprise at finding that "La Parisienne" is not twice the size of the "Toreador Fresco", nor are "Palace Style" jars half the size of the "Snake Goddesses".

In the unexplained absence of so much that the visitor could expect to find in a new guide, he is confronted instead by one side of a particular controversy about a particular phase in the history of the main palace building. This double axe—phallos and archaic—has been ground through two editions of Professor Palmer's *Mycenaean and Minoan Tablets*, and the first half of *On the Knossos Tablets*. It hardly needed restating in another form, and surely not at the expense of the general visitor to Knossos.

The controversy can be simply explained. C. W. Blegen, excavating

the Mycenaean "Palace of Nestor" at Pylos on the mainland of Greece, found it was destroyed about 1200 B.C., at the end of the phase called Late Helladic IIIa, which corresponds roughly with Late Minoan IIIa in Crete. Blegen noted remarkable similarities between the final destruction of Pylos and that of Knossos. In particular the fires had burnt and consequently preserved clay tablets inscribed with Linear B script. Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Knossos, had claimed that the Cretan palace was destroyed about 1400 B.C., at the close of the Late Minoan II period and this was modified by subsequent study to about 1375 B.C. within the Late Minoan IIIa phase, a date with which most scholars now agree.

Professor Palmer's philological studies led him to the belief, on grounds with which not all his fellow-philologists appear to agree, that the language of the tablets at Knossos must be contemporary with or, if anything, later than that at Pylos. The stratigraphical evidence at Pylos was beyond dispute, but Professor Palmer turned archaeological archives and began comparing Evans's *The Palace of Minoan* with his excavation notebooks and those of his assistant Duncan Mackenzie which were preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. These notebooks, despite the protestations of archaeologists that such records are unlikely to express final and correct decisions, Professor Palmer insists on calling "primary evidence"; and this "primary evidence" has led him to the conclusion that Evans was guilty of monumental error and wilful distortion of the facts, that the destruction at Knossos was contemporary with or a little later than that at Pylos.

The *New Guide* does no more than make its way around the palace at Knossos pointing to Evans's errors, "rectifying" his stratigraphy, and producing what Professor Palmer, with monotonous repetition and insistent dogmatism, assures us are the facts. Blow by blow, fall by fall, the cool reason of Professor Palmer and the wilful incompetence of Evans through the Knossian corridors, and the visitor will wonder how Evans could have been so blind: "the magnificent opus of his old age is distorted by errors of fact"; "not one of the

his view and ignores those which suit it less well. He will see errors; *snails* are Leubus-skewers, not the main harbour of western Crete which is called Souda. He will note the eccentricity of argument; a stirrup-jar called "the standard oil-container" as though all jars of this shape were Mainland and Late Helladic IIIa, when in fact they originated in Crete and were made and used there as early as 1500 B.C. (Late Minoan II); a floor, a vase, an artefact called Late Minoan IIIa as though that made it IIIa (about 1200 B.C.) when it could equally well be IIIa (about 1375 B.C.).

Such precision is not for Professor Palmer, though he demands it in others. "Any scholar who claims 'to know the facts' must support his claim by citing some written source", may sound laudable enough, but he must cite correctly and in full. And on archaeological questions he would do better to quote archaeological facts and archaeological experience rather than cite discrepancies in written records. No amount of poring over notebooks, day books and reports, of playing one archaeologist's views off against those of another can compensate for lack of experience in the field, failure to understand all the relevant material, and omitting to mention the many sites which have produced material of the late Minoan II to IIIa period analogous to that of the Knossian destruction, notably seal-stones which bear close comparison with the clay sealings repeatedly found with tablets in the final destruction debris at Knossos. Such material cannot be discounted by omission or by high-handed footnotes about "the debility of stylistic comparison". A sensitivity to archaeological method and an appreciation of style in art are both essential to the writing of a full and stimulating guide to Knossos, its history and its art. These are not evident in the *New Guide*.

Any visitor who discards his older, but cheaper and more reliable Pendlebury does so at his peril. If he takes Professor Palmer's thread to guide him through the Knossian labyrinth, he will find his Ariadne misled him; he is following a path to the horns of the Minotaur.

EDWARD R. PALMER: *A New Guide to the Palace of Knossos*. 144pp. Faber and Faber. £2 2s.

The assiduous visitor to Crete has long been most competently led through the labyrinthine Bronze Age palace at Knossos and its surrounding buildings by J. D. S. Pendlebury's *Handbook to the Palace of Minoan* (1933). This was republished in 1954, two years after Michael Ventris's decipherment of Linear B as Greek, with a survey of Minoan civilization by Sir John Myers and Sir John Forsdyke. The continuing study of the Linear B tablets has revealed a much clearer picture of the organized bureaucracy of Knossos. In the past fifteen years there have been major new excavations, including those at Kato Zakro in eastern Crete and at Keos, Kythera and Thera (Santorini) in the Aegean. Near to Knossos there has also been considerable archaeological activity, for instance at Archanes, Akrotiras and Sellopoulo, and on a site beside the Royal Road just outside the palace. All these have illuminated the history and civilization of Knossos, especially in the closing years with which this *New Guide* is principally concerned.

The time for a new guide was ripe and the visitor was entitled to expect a new history of the site from the Neolithic period to the end of the Bronze Age, incorporating all the new evidence. He was entitled to expect a new account of Minoan civilization, especially from the evidence of the tablets, and of Minoan art and some useful up-to-date illustrations. He was entitled to expect too some improved plans and illustrations of the site.

The *New Guide* scarcely deals with anything before the palace's final phase, the period called Late Minoan IIIa. Of the recent excavations mentioned above, only Kato Zakro receives a passing reference. The plans show no improvement and are less useful than those of Pendlebury (that is, No. 7 on Plan III?). Buildings outside the confines of the palace, the Little Palace, the Royal Villa, the Temple Tomb, the House

As it now is

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The High Priest &c.—included by Pendlebury, are neglected by Professor Palmer. He points out that the Myers-Forsdyke survey of Minoan civilization in the 1954 edition of Pendlebury was compiled "before the decipherment of Linear B had made its full impact", but he himself gives no coherent account of the information now provided by the tablets.

The jacket claims that "emphasis has been put on the famous works of Minoan art since these are the focus of interest for the tourist", but Professor Palmer offers no appreciation of them as art even in his appendix, which gives a breakeven tour of Herakleion Museum; for him they are just so many pieces of stratigraphical evidence. He treats the visitor to a poor selection of the time-honoured illustrations in fuzzy inadequate drawings culled from sixty-year-old excavation reports—

or possibly copied from old photographs; how else could a new drawing of "La Parisienne" for a new guide fail to incorporate new pieces recently joined to the fresco? These joins have already been published and a fine colour postcard including them has been on sale in Herakleion for at least four years. The drawings are not provided with scales, and the visitor who is guided around the museum by Professor Palmer may be forgiven a certain surprise at finding that "La Parisienne" is not twice the size of the "Toreador Fresco", nor are "Palace Style" jars half the size of the "Snake Goddesses".

In the unexplained absence of so much that the visitor could expect to find in a new guide, he is confronted instead by one side of a particular controversy about a particular phase in the history of the main palace building. This double axe—phallos and archaic—has been ground through two editions of Professor Palmer's *Mycenaean and Minoan Tablets*, and the first half of *On the Knossos Tablets*. It hardly needed restating in another form, and surely not at the expense of the general visitor to Knossos.

The controversy can be simply explained. C. W. Blegen, excavating

the Mycenaean "Palace of Nestor" at Pylos on the mainland of Greece, found it was destroyed about 1200 B.C., at the end of the phase called Late Helladic IIIa, which corresponds roughly with Late Minoan IIIa in Crete. Blegen noted remarkable similarities between the final destruction of Pylos and that of Knossos. In particular the fires had burnt and consequently preserved clay tablets inscribed with Linear B script. Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Knossos, had claimed that the Cretan palace was destroyed about 1400 B.C., at the close of the Late Minoan II period and this was modified by subsequent study to about 1375 B.C. within the Late Minoan IIIa phase, a date with which most scholars now agree.

Professor Palmer's philological studies led him to the belief, on grounds with which not all his fellow-philologists appear to agree, that the language of the tablets at Knossos must be contemporary with or, if anything, later than that at Pylos. The stratigraphical evidence at Pylos was beyond dispute, but Professor Palmer turned archaeological archives and began comparing Evans's *The Palace of Minoan* with his excavation notebooks and those of his assistant Duncan Mackenzie which were preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. These notebooks, despite the protestations of archaeologists that such records are unlikely to express final and correct decisions, Professor Palmer insists on calling "primary evidence"; and this "primary evidence" has led him to the conclusion that Evans was guilty of monumental error and wilful distortion of the facts, that the destruction at Knossos was contemporary with or a little later than that at Pylos.

The *New Guide* does no more than make its way around the palace at Knossos pointing to Evans's errors, "rectifying" his stratigraphy, and producing what Professor Palmer, with monotonous repetition and insistent dogmatism, assures us are the facts. Blow by blow, fall by fall, the cool reason of Professor Palmer and the wilful incompetence of Evans through the Knossian corridors, and the visitor will wonder how Evans could have been so blind: "the magnificent opus of his old age is distorted by errors of fact"; "not one of the

his view and ignores those which suit it less well. He will see errors; *snails* are Leubus-skewers, not the main harbour of western Crete which is called Souda. He will note the eccentricity of argument; a stirrup-jar called "the standard oil-container" as though all jars of this shape were Mainland and Late Helladic IIIa, when in fact they originated in Crete and were made and used there as early as 1500 B.C. (Late Minoan II); a floor, a vase, an artefact called Late Minoan IIIa as though that made it IIIa (about 1200 B.C.) when it could equally well be IIIa (about 1375 B.C.).

Such precision is not for Professor Palmer, though he demands it in others. "Any scholar who claims 'to know the facts' must support his claim by citing some written source", may sound laudable enough, but he must cite correctly and in full. And on archaeological questions he would do better to quote archaeological facts and archaeological experience rather than cite discrepancies in written records. No amount of poring over notebooks, day books and reports, of playing one archaeologist's views off against those of another can compensate for lack of experience in the field, failure to understand all the relevant material, and omitting to mention the many sites which have produced material of the late Minoan II to IIIa period analogous to that of the Knossian destruction, notably seal-stones which bear close comparison with the clay sealings repeatedly found with tablets in the final destruction debris at Knossos. Such material cannot be discounted by omission or by high-handed footnotes about "the debility of stylistic comparison". A sensitivity to archaeological method and an appreciation of style in art are both essential to the writing of a full and stimulating guide to Knossos, its history and its art. These are not evident in the *New Guide*.

Any visitor who discards his older, but cheaper and more reliable Pendlebury does so at his peril. If he takes Professor Palmer's thread to guide him through the Knossian labyrinth, he will find his Ariadne misled him; he is following a path to the horns of the Minotaur.

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Journal of Folklore

ELIZABETH LONGFORD: *Wellington: The Years of the Sword*. 540pp. Weldon and Nicolson. £2 10s.

IN A RECENT memorial lecture to mark the bicentenary of Wellington's birth, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery praised him as the perfect example of the high commander who possesses, to a degree amounting to genius, the infinite capacity for taking pains and preparing for every possible contingency. Yet he "sometimes lost part of the fruits of victory through an inability to soar from the known to seize the unknown". He did not, said the victor of Alamein, possess the inner conviction "to throw his banner over the moon".

While there is some truth in this judgment, to pass it so dogmatically is to forget that Wellington was almost always outnumbered, that he had to limit the risks he could take with Britain's only field army, and that he often fought alongside allies of doubtful value. Moreover, it overlooks the prodigious gamble he took in giving battle at Assaye, which he once said was the best thing he ever did in the way of fighting. It also overlooks the calculated daring of the Passage of the Douro, the sudden transformation at Salamanca from a watchful defence line to a brilliantly opportunistic bid for victory. And what about the Duke's exclamation when he signalled an advance on the retreating French at Waterloo: "Oh, damn it! In for a penny, in for a pound!"

In her admirable new study of Wellington's early life and war years Lady Longford has not been too dogmatic, nor has she indulged unduly in mere speculation. She wanted to know how a hero grew, and whether the man was equal to the legend. How did he win his stupendous success? If his soldiers did not love him, why did they want

Man with an eye for detail



"Nosey" and no other to command them at Waterloo? Rather than itemize Wellington as a hero, she has sought to catch him in action "in flight like a great meteorite wreathed from the mass of humanity". In *The Years of the Sword*, which is the first part of a two-volume biography, Lady Longford seeks to discover where the Duke got his magic, what were the springs of his "almost supernatural balance", how he gradually built up a moral ascendancy over his French opponents until, as she justly claims, "while Wellington was hurrying to the battlefield [of Quatre Bras] his

reputation was there already fighting for him". To achieve all this Lady Longford has aimed "to use every available document, military, political and personal, which illuminates Wellington the man". The emphasis throughout is on the portrait of a human being. Her book is not primarily a study of his strategy, tactics and military administration, though these three strands have been woven into the tapestry. Battles for her seem to be "nothing if not tests of character". Campaigns do not comprise just a series of chessboard moves, so although the author has to describe

Wellington's campaigns from the top, she never forgets that the men who fight do not regard themselves as red or blue arrows or rectangles on a map. Each according to his rank and talents is making history rather than watching from the wings or being unconsciously involved in a social process.

Wellington had a mind that positively enjoyed coping with the multifarious problems of a commander-in-chief on campaign. He might rail at inadequate subordinates, he might claim testily that he was "obliged to be everywhere and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong", yet he thrived on this per-

sonal supervision. He is a true example of a man who was able to attend to the most trivial detail without allowing himself to be overwhelmed, and who managed to realize everything without neglecting his capacity for clear thought about ultimate objectives and of attaining them. Though his mind was by his explosion of anger, and return, he always seemed to have time. He never spared his staff or himself. His sense of duty and his sense of responsibility did not cause them to faint or vomit in his office as did Lenin's. Basically Wellington disdained the feelings of other men.

The variety is not less astonishing as it does from bulletins, ranging as it does from bulletins, biscuits to camp-kettles and a martial. A study of his correspondence and his letters, his "almost greater insight into the battle high command in war, with its inevitable extensions into the politics and diplomacy, almost any other published work. So too are the guerrillas, the Only Napoleon's correspondence provides an equivalent to the house. Decision-making is a difficult study, and Wellington, as Peel described as "the most powerful writer in the English language", a splendid sourcebook for the instant decisions as well as the policy to adopt or to reject. Longford is quite right to be liberal from Wellington's Duke also left behind a sense of integrity: advantage to the lie was his yardstick for any activity in public life or transaction of public business.

No less distinctive and distinguished than his dispatches Wellington's conversation recorded by Lord Sturges, Lady Salisbury, Sir McTear, and Croker, (Croker, Chard) and one cannot but that Curwood felt that the Duke's conversation was down on paper. These men were shrewd enough to ask the

questions, and Wellington responded with his postwar directness and candour. He undoubtedly found it easier to praise than to praise, yet he could be gentle and considerate, and when the 18th Hussars and the journal of Cornet Arthur Shakespear of the 2nd Dragoons. The last two provide interesting sidelights on campaigning with the Peninsular Army and a few glimpses of Wellington himself, but are over-quoted, maybe because what is novel exerts an almost irresistible appeal. Sometimes the author seems unable to bring herself to discard what is intrinsically interesting but scarcely relevant to a study of Wellington, and items such as a punning anagram about Elba, a comment about Princess Charlotte or some of Fanny D'Arbly's jottings tend to blur the story. By contrast, Lady Longford could have made fuller use of Mrs. Olivia Sparrow's letters.

Her habit, moreover, of quoting two words here and three words there gives a fragmented surface to her narrative, and one sometimes longs for her to set aside her notes and write from the heart and mind without benefit—or in this case disadvantage—of quotation. When she does so Lady Longford writes fluently and has many felicitous phrases: Wellington's draft reply was written diagonally across Ponsby's letter like an angry rainstorm. "Suddenly the dams of discipline burst and his army poured away"; [at Quatre Bras] "Rebecke showed the order to Perponcher in silence. Perponcher looked at it with the slightest eye which common-sense prescribed"; "The apple trees in the orchard [at Hougomont] hung in shreds like weeping willows, but the garden had never changed hands". At her best she describes events with verve and vitality—the retreat of Wellington's army from Quatre Bras to Waterloo and the crisis provoked by the loss of La Haye Sainte are outstanding. And in battle scenes she conveys a vivid feel of what the fighting was like, a corporate and also an individual sense of the army under Wellington's command, and a clear idea of place.

In this she is obviously helped by having inspected with care the battlefields in Portugal, Spain, southern France and Belgium, pursuing her researches and identifications with perseverance and talking to people on the spot, like an ice-cream vendor at Talavera, until she is reasonably satisfied. Even for India she has taken trouble to consult those who have visited those comparatively inaccessible scenes. Lady Longford devotes proper space to the vital years in India, where Wellington learned his trade and, as he afterwards judged, "understood as much of military matters as I have ever done since". Indian campaigns led him to discover that if he had rice and bullocks he had men, and if he had men he knew he could beat the enemy. This experience he applied in the

good use of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's memoranda on Waterloo and other Raglan manuscripts, and of the letters of Captain Arthur Kennedy of the 18th Hussars and the journal of Cornet Arthur Shakespear of the 2nd Dragoons. The last two provide interesting sidelights on campaigning with the Peninsular Army and a few glimpses of Wellington himself, but are over-quoted, maybe because what is novel exerts an almost irresistible appeal. Sometimes the author seems unable to bring herself to discard what is intrinsically interesting but scarcely relevant to a study of Wellington, and items such as a punning anagram about Elba, a comment about Princess Charlotte or some of Fanny D'Arbly's jottings tend to blur the story. By contrast, Lady Longford could have made fuller use of Mrs. Olivia Sparrow's letters.

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Peninsula and, by supplying his troops in regular, methodical fashion, held out against the immense numerical superiority of the French who had to live off the infertile land and could not assemble two armies in one region without being compelled to separate them again in order to live.

Despite a few missed opportunities of analysing the reasons for some of Wellington's problems, Lady Longford is very sound in weighing conflicting authorities and evidence, and in pointing to the implications of both large and small events. She makes many perceptive, illuminating allusions, forecasts, comparisons and cross-references. She argues against some of the criticisms most frequently made of Wellington defending him against, for instance, the malicious contemporary rumour that he had not over-exposed himself in the Peninsula and, less convincingly, against the alleged inaccuracy and unfairness of his battle dispatches.

Yet she does not always defend: on the contrary, she is nobly fair in judging the large-scale of Wellington's own criticism, and regards Norman Ranxay's dispraise as "unmerited". She faces up to his weaknesses of character, some of them enduring, others the reverse: his tendency to rush to extremes so that on paper at least his imagination and temper were apt to take control; his strictures on the "scum of the earth"; his attitude towards detestant punishment. Wellington's relations with married women and other feminine admirers in India and with Harriette Wilson are explored; and having peered through the latter's "funding fiction", Lady Longford does not deny the charge, but convincingly pins their meetings to the half-year immediately after his return from India, and not to the period after the Convention of Cintra.

One is constantly surprised by new sidelights on the man. To take a single instance: he wanted all officers to attend a university before joining the Army, and his confession to a nephew—"I would give more than a university education"—suggests that he would have supported current policy in this matter.

When Rifleman Harris looked back on his first Peninsular battle under Wellington's command, he wrote: "I think it is something to have seen that wonderful man even do so commonplace a thing as lift his hat to another officer in the battlefield." We may envy Harris the opportunities he had to catch a glimpse now and then of the man who became a legend in his lifetime and has remained one ever since; but thanks to Lady Longford we can see Wellington in every setting and can understand him better than before. Her book is a fine achievement, giving as it does a rounded and profound portrait of him.



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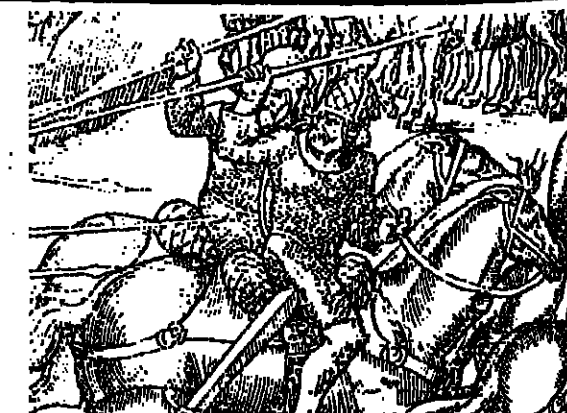
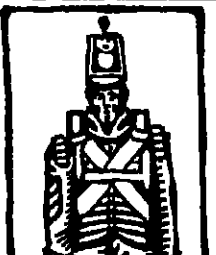
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"I found Jac Weller's WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO immensely entertaining. It superbly combines clarity, vividness, and acute observation. It is indeed a consideration of the best book on Waterloo. It has been published in the last half century or more." LIDDELL HART

The Navy in person

HOWARTH: *Trafalgar: The Nelson Touch*. 254pp. Collins. £2 5s.

Successive seasons come round, so do accounts of Nelson and Trafalgar. Nelson remarked long ago: "Much being known, biographies must contrast with one another not in point of abundance of detail, but as portraits do, according to the ability of the workman to produce from the original before him an impression of the man which is at once full, true and living."

Mr. Howarth does that all the Trafalgar captains agreed that Sir Robert Calder was badly treated over the question of an inquiry into his action with Villeneuve in July 1805. Many thought so, but there were exceptions, including at least one who declined to go home to give evidence at Calder's court-martial. Again, the post of "flag" lieutenant, to Nelson, which John Pasco is described as holding, did not exist in Nelson's time. Pasco was senior lieutenant of the Victory at Trafalgar and senior officer, though he did not act as flag lieutenant and so lost a step in promotion after the battle.

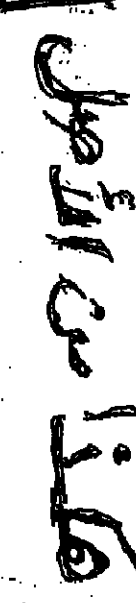
"always an outsider", which is outrageous. So is the statement that Blackwood of the Eurymus was the only Trafalgar captain who "judged him charitably". Collingwood was exact, sometimes painfully so. Seven weeks after the battle he wrote to his wife: "I will tell you what I feel nearest to my heart, after the honour which his Majesty has done me, and that is, the praise of every officer of the Fleet."

It is also untrue to say, as Mr. Howarth does, that all the Trafalgar captains agreed that Sir Robert Calder was badly treated over the question of an inquiry into his action with Villeneuve in July 1805. Many thought so, but there were exceptions, including at least one who declined to go home to give evidence at Calder's court-martial. Again, the post of "flag" lieutenant, to Nelson, which John Pasco is described as holding, did not exist in Nelson's time. Pasco was senior lieutenant of the Victory at Trafalgar and senior officer, though he did not act as flag lieutenant and so lost a step in promotion after the battle.

case of Collingwood, these are trifling blemishes, and the book as a whole gives a fair and exciting impression of some of the most astonishing events in the history of sail warfare. Everything conspired to ensure that Nelson departed this life in a fitting way, and it would be difficult to make the hours of that October day off the coast of Spain anything less than enthralling.

"In the minds of all classes of people", writes Mr. Howarth, "Nelson had personified the Navy; they had felt it was Nelson who protected them. Now it seemed that the era had ended; nobody could be sure that the Navy without him could do what he had done, and continue to keep them safe." There is truth in this statement, but the feeling did not last, so remarkable were the flag officers of the era. Nelson indeed continued to personify the Navy; but it was largely because he was so romantic and because he was young when he died. He fitted the role perfectly, but there were others who would have served less well perhaps.

John Selby



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Commentary

Culture-straddlers, who like to keep one foot in the literary salon and the other in the laboratories, must have been gratified that their currently most shining spokesman, Arthur Koestler, was asked to give the Cheltenham Lecture at this year's Festival of Literature in the town. But, talking on the subject of "Literature and the Law of Diminishing Returns", Koestler did not try very much actual science on his audience. Instead, he advanced his Law of In-folding, whereby creative artists are always having to work out new ways of penetrating the apathy of a public over-exposed to aesthetic stimuli. "In-folding" means that as time goes by the thing which artists do becomes more and more their own thing, so that their audience has to work harder to find out what is going on.

Koestler did provide a scientific parallel for this dialectic between saturation and exploration from studies of some blue squids at Cambridge, and his proffered Law no doubt holds good for much contemporary practice in the arts. But he also applied it to the past and made his case that "in-folding" is nothing new by some brutal contractions of literary history which took him straight from Orpheus to Mallarmé; one-culture students of literature might be reluctant to concede that the public myths and allegories of the Greeks belonged quite as conclusively in the same line with the private resonances of the Symbolists.

Altogether, there were some provocative simplifications in Koestler's tidying-up of the messy literary scene. After, for example, quoting Tolstoy's teichy and obtuse complaints against Verlaine's metaphors, he declared that "Yesterday's daring metaphors are today's clichés", without any indication of the extra-literary convictions that drove Tolstoy to write *What is Art?* in the first place. And Verlaine's metaphors are no more clichés today than they were when he wrote them; they are peculiar to himself and the only person liable to grow jaded with them is anyone who re-reads Verlaine too often. Koestler's Law is misleading in its neglect of a relationship more crucial than that between artist and public, which is the relationship between the artist and the history of his art. Some artists may be out to break through public apathy, better ones are out to do something they feel has not been done before.

"He did his almost perfect best with what he had," John Berryman's recent poem about A. E. Housman would not have recommended itself to the man for whom the almost perfect was not nearly enough. Housman refused to print his Cambridge Inaugural of 1911 because he could not verify his crucial accusation against Swinburne: that Shelley never wrote the line whose "exquisite inequality" of rhythm so moved Swinburne. "Mr. Swinburne's veins were thrilled, and tears were drawn to Mr. Swinburne's eyes, by a misprint." When at last the TLS was permitted to print the Inaugural (May 9, 1968), it left out this trouncing of Swinburne as still unsubstan-

tiated; since then, John Carter and John Sparrow have proved that Shelley's manuscripts do indeed show that the poet left the line incomplete: "Fresh spring and summer [] and winter hoar". So the Inaugural is now published in full, with an appendix, as *The Confines of Criticism* (Cambridge University Press, 16s.). Though Housman's account of the Shelley crux is not altogether borne out, his main contention is sufficiently vindicated for him not to seem vindictive. And yet as a matter of literary theory, the argument is as tangled as ever. For why must the fact that Shelley was not altogether responsible for the line's rhythm mean that the rhythm could not be as exquisitely beautiful and telling as Swinburne said? And again, what is the status—in terms of "the intentional fallacy"—and all that—of a line which the author did indeed leave incomplete but which he could so easily have completed? Since Shelley's manuscripts show that the word "autumn" had naturally enough occurred to him, how can we be altogether sure that he did not find himself preferring the "exquisite inequality" of the line although he never explicitly and finally settled for it?

By a pleasant coincidence, a critical essay by Housman on Swinburne (1910) has come to light, and is published in the current *Cornhill*. Housman himself knew that he was really not a literary critic. But he is lucid, witty, and lethal: Here are four lines from the *Tale of Helen*: A table of all clear gold thereby stood stately, fair as morning's eye.—the beauty of a table is not more clearly apprehended when compared to the beauty of morning's eye: that is the perfunctory simile, poor and useless; but let that pass, and proceed—With four strong silver pillars, high and firm as faith and hope may be. These four pillars are the four legs of the table; they were possibly five feet in height, probably less, certainly not much more; and they were high as hope may be. Now therefore we know the maximum height of hope: five feet and a few odd inches.

A further coincidence seems to have gone unnoticed by the editors of Housman and of Swinburne. The only other extant paper of Housman, from the University College Literary Society is on Matthew Arnold; John Carter's *Selected Prose* printed the three pages which survive. Housman made great play with the preposterous list with which Lord Coleridge had hailed Arnold: "Thackeray may have written more pungent social satire, Tennyson may be a greater poet . . . whereupon, A. E. H.: 'Mr. Chevallier may be a more accomplished vocalist, Mr. Gladstone may be an older Parliamentarian hand . . .'. Curious that Swinburne too, ridiculing Lord Coleridge on Arnold, should have leapt in just the same direction: 'Mr. Gladstone may be a greater prevaricator, Goodman Stead may be a greater pornographer . . .'. (Letters, vi, 23)

The French publisher Larousse, now associated in the United States with Computer Applications, Incorporated, recently opened a French bookshop on Fifth Avenue in New York. One of Larousse's hopes is that they will be able to cut the selling price of French books in America by 20 per cent, which sounds extremely generous until you realize that French books at present cost there at least double their equivalent price in France. This crippling margin may or may not be justified by the remoteness and unprofitability of the market, but it stimulated us to make a piecemeal poll of foreign book prices in this country, to see whether things are as they should be.

We asked five bookshops for their English selling prices of four books, two French and two German. The first book was Henry de Montherlant's novel *Les Garçons* which we reviewed on October 23 and whose French price is 25fr. At Blackwells in Oxford it is being sold for £2 0s. 6d., at Bowes and Bowes in Cambridge for £2, at Grant and Cutler in London for 39s. 6d.; these three shops have a learned clientele and they have already depressed the prices of their French books to pass on the fruits of devaluation (pre-devaluation prices were £2 4s. 6d. at Blackwells, £2 4s. at Bowes and Bowes and £2 5s. at Grant and Cutler). The price of *Les Garçons* at two other London bookshops was markedly higher: £2 9s. 6d. at Hachette and no less than £2 10s. at Foyles. Since neither of these shops had devalued its prices, these must be compared with the old price at Blackwells, Bowes and Bowes and Grant and Cutler; they still work out much higher.

The variation in the price of a much cheaper book, a volume simple in Gallimard's "Idées" series was comparable: 6s. 9d. at Blackwells, 7s. at Bowes and Bowes, 6s. 6d. at Grant and Cutler, "about 8s." at Hachette, and 8s. 6d. at Foyles.

We also asked about a German novel, Günter Grass's *Die Hühner*, which we reviewed on September 25 and whose German price is DM19.50. At Blackwells the price was £2 4s. 6d., at Bowes and Bowes £2 4s., at Grant and Cutler £2 3s. 6d.—all prices that will no doubt have to go up when the book is reordered from West Germany. Hachette stock only a few German paperbacks, Foyles said that they did not have a copy of Grass's novel in stock. One German edition found in all five bookshops is the DTV series: at Blackwells, Bowes and Bowes, and Grant and Cutler an ordinary single volume in this series was 6s. 6d., at Hachette "between 6s. and 7s.", at Foyles 7s. 6d.

If, therefore, you buy few foreign books and cheap ones it does not make a great deal of difference where you get them; if, on the other hand, you buy many or more expensive ones, it clearly does make a difference. There are of course sound reasons why one bookshop's overheads should lead to higher prices when these are not controlled; there are also sound reasons why those who buy foreign books should know that significant differentials exist between one shop and another.

The 1900 issue of *Dress Regulations for the Army* was the first to be illustrated, and it makes an agreeable, entertaining and (in our current Military History context) topical reprint. Here, in sober, tabulated prose, one can read some of the regular army's subjects as the colour of puttees for R.E. officers when employed on Ballooning Duties, the exact differences between all the various Highland regimental sporrans, or how the hat of the Director-General of the Army Veterinary Department differs from that of an ordinary General Officer (it has a "loop of four-fold gold chain gimp, gold bullion tassels"). The illustrations of cavalry frock coats and patrol jackets are enough to make any vain young man's alert tradesman recreate those froed by the marvellous words: shabrack, surcingle, orris, olivet, brand-and-fall collar, raffish, shal-

The hard-headed men in the book trade (however well the wandering

about something else: why should they have been reprinted simultaneously by two publishers? Arms and Armour Press at £3.3s. and Charles a week of the reprint business that publishers seldom give a warning of their plans for reprints. This case that the same book suggested the idea to both publishers assumed wrongly the first he spoke to was not true (actually a third thought of it). When in July they discovered that both were already committed to withdraw, they had the effect of expanding the market, so that the two firms, although depressed about what happened, none the less, chose to avoid such duplication. Arms and Armour reprinted all the official descriptions, and clearly it is more if they do so.

The problem is one which often preoccupied those who, with reprints, and it is difficult to see what can be done except by such bilateral dealings. A general clearinghouse information about publications would scarcely be practical. Nobody wants to offer his good to the (possibly mythical) publisher which might forestall a quick but shoddy job. On the other hand, as David and Charles does announce his progress in advance, but is then to make its execution depend on demand developments, he held to have pre-empted their an indefinite period? "We feel most strongly," says the ageing director, Mr. David V. Thomas, "is that most of the problems would dissolve if it were announced that for reprints they were genuinely committed to producing these titles near future."

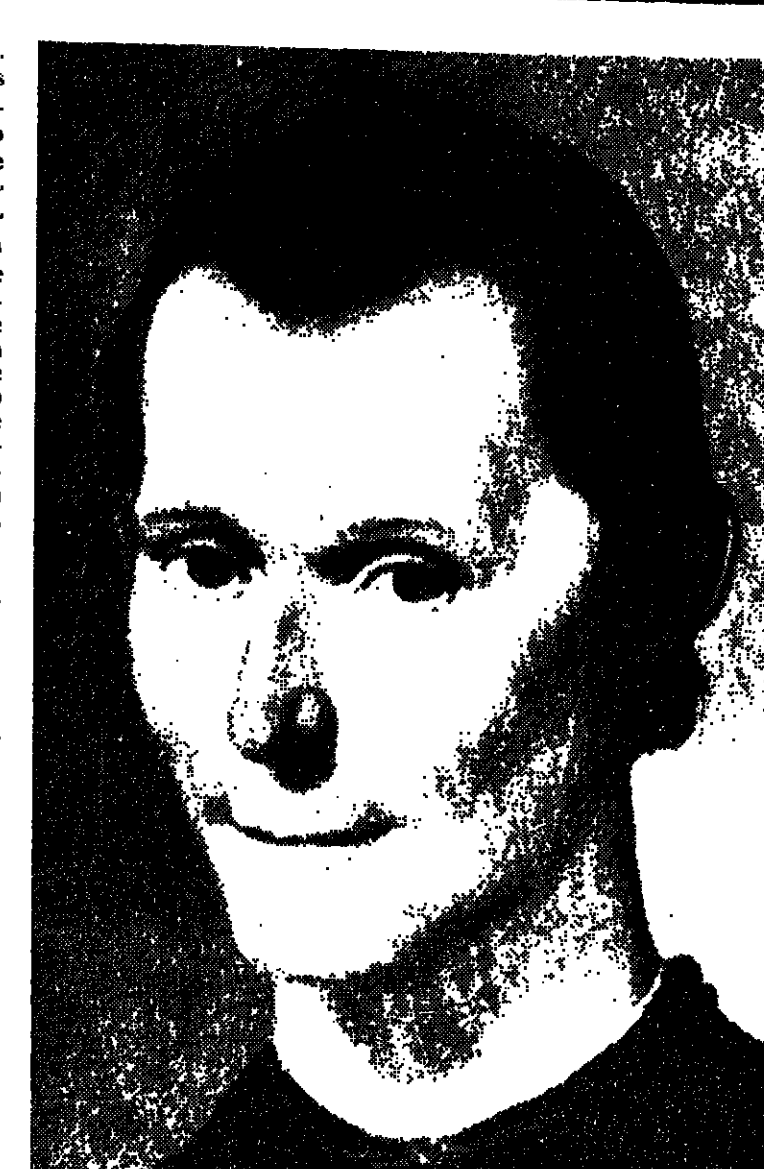
Obviously some code of practice still needs to be worked out. The growing sector of publishing, while, how do the two books of the century compare? The introduction of the Deputy Director of the Army Museum, which Arms and Armour feel lends weight to a volume, is not really all that much a factor, being only a page or so long. But they have been successful in avoiding a clash of the half-tones, which are subsequently a bit clearer than the black and white. The text and the illustrations, honours are equal.

The Pilgrim Trust last year's income of £281,591. £263,711 was distributed in grants. The Report into three main categories: Preservation, mainly of buildings; Social Welfare; and Art and Education. Under the latter last emphasis seems to be on the collection of old maps, instruments, and libraries; ecclesiastical libraries (notably of Chichester and Gloucester) and of the National Archives, particularly prominent. Items of interest were: a grant to the University of the Belfry of the Somerville and Rowland's; the Fulke Greville manuscript for the British Museum for the restoration of the old home at Shandy Hall in Wiltshire, a contribution towards the logging the material in the Tynes Research Centre; in London a quarterly magazine, *Library*, aims to give prison inmates a means for communication and towards a new headquarter for the Metropolitan Association.

THE BLOOD SHED is real blood. The Florentine Secretary was there at Sinigaglia, when Borgia tricked and murdered Vellozso and Oliverotto. Machiavelli's little work of 1503, *Description of the Method Used by the Duke Valentino in Assassinating Vitelliozzo, &c.*, is a work of field notes. And he was there at Cesena when the departing Borgia left behind him in the town square the bisected body with a block of wood and a bloody knife beside it—the body of that Ramiro who was hated by the people for the cruelties he had committed in Borgia's service. (This example was perhaps remembered by Stalin when he caused his police-chief, Yagoda, to be executed at the end of the great purge.)

When Machiavelli wrote, in the seventh chapter of *The Prince*, that "I know no better precepts to give a prince than ones devised from (real) actions", it is certain that these killings to which he had been so close were in the forefront of his mind, and that he was recommending one important category of those who he hoped would read his book to be prepared to emulate these actions. When he wrote in the seventeenth chapter that he was the "inhuman cruelty" of Hannibal that "made his achievements possible" he wrote as a man who had seen at first hand, travelling with Borgia, what "inhuman cruelty" was like. And when, in the third chapter, he asks the ruler of new possessions to "bear in mind . . . that the family of the old prince must be destroyed", he meant murder, and he knew what murder was, from the Machiavellian point of view. King John was acting prudently in ordering the killing of little Arthur, and his only—but inescapable—fault was in choosing so weak an instrument as Hubert for an act of state which called for a stronger character. All else is sentimentality, since the sparing of Arthur's life, of his eyes, might lead to civil war. "On reflection it will be seen that there was more compassion in Cesare than in the Florentine people, who to escape being called cruel, allowed Brutus to be devastated."

The reality of the bloodshed needs to be stressed, because more than five centuries have set up screens of theory and commentary between us and Machiavelli. The stage-Machiavelli intrudes, the great heavy of Elizabethan theatre, as unreal as the other Old Nick, that Machiavelli too has turned—so he had already done for Voltaire—into something of a figure of fun: a popular expression certainly, but one that has distorted also, in some degree, even the more sophisticated readers of *The Prince*. It is surprising how often at the more mention of Machiavelli's name a face will light up with a broadly mischievous smile, an expression of being "in the know", as to some lightly discreditable, "smutty" and amusing secret: not murder. Or, after all, the refined, filtered and



Imagination and order (1): Machiavelli

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN'S FIRST ELIOT LECTURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KENT

Imaginatively acceptable ultimate essence of murder?

The commentators, too, intervene. There is a type of squeamish mind which seems to be drawn to the bold and the hardest thinkers, as if in order to get what these thinkers have to say safely wrapped up again. This kind of mind is drawn to Machiavelli

and to Nietzsche: there are "gentle Machiavellians", as there are "gentle Nietzsches". These tend to deprecate emphasis on *The Prince*, and would shift it back on to the *Discourses* on the First Ten Books of *Titus Livius* or to *The Prince* and the *Discourses* taken together, or to the whole work, *History of Florence* and all.

The lessons of the *Discourses* are in fact in harmony with those of *The Prince*, as *The Prince* is the distilled essence of the *Discourses*. It is from Chapter Three of the *Third Discourse* that we learn that "whoever makes himself tyrant of a state and does not kill Brutus, or whoever restores liberty to a state and does not immolate his sons, will not maintain himself in his position long". But on the whole the tone of the *Discourses* is more edifying than that of *The Prince*; at least there is an absence of deliberate provocation, and as the *Discourses* are more than four times as long as *The Prince*, there is a certain reserve of language which can be worked—together with occasional perfunctory pieties in *The Prince* itself—to encapsulate and muffle the more shocking parts of *The Prince*, which are also the parts in which Machiavelli shows himself most the innovator and whereby he won immortality. This taming down is not a question of conscious intent, so much as the expression of a need. These commentators, and the Italian commentators in particular, like Machiavelli as a man. They are attracted by his mischievous smile.

It was as if in our own day someone should seek to win the favour of President Nixon by writing a treatise in praise of the late Al Capone. If the President genuinely abhorred the gangster then he would also abhor the gangster's eulogist. But, if on the other hand, he secretly recognized that the activities and the necessities of presidents and gangsters have more in common than meets the eye, then he would be all the more resolute in excluding from his presence anyone who insisted on declaring that this was the case, and even that a wise president must, at times, behave like a gangster. Furthermore a prince or president would do well to shun Machiavelli, on Machiavelli's own advice. Machiavelli repeatedly reminds princes of the importance of preserving an appearance of piety. Nothing could be more upsetting to a prince, bent on preserving an appearance of piety, than the presence at his side of a person known to hold the opinion that the aspect of piety which it is expedient for a prince to preserve is its appearance.

Altogether a self-defeating piece of work, in so far as its object was to restore its author to favour. We know from the letters that Machi-

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John Coles

velli did long for favour, for a court appointment, for some kind of political work. The prefatory letter opens with the words, "Men who are anxious to win the favour of a Prince", and ends with, "And if from your lofty peak, Your Magnificence will sometimes glance down to these low-lying regions, you will realise the extent to which, undeservedly, I have to endure the great and unremitting malice of failure."

Lorenzo looked down from his peak, it is said, to see *The Prince*, and to prefer to it a present of two courting dogs which someone had brought him. This Lorenzo was not up to much—he was not, of course, the Lorenzo known to history as the Magnificent—but if he had been wiser he might have acted differently only in preferring a different alternative gift. Poor Machiavelli continued to endure the malice of fortune. As long as the object of his dedication lived he got nothing at all. After Lorenzo's death the significant Cardinal Giulio de Medici received Machiavelli and threw a little work his way; not diplomatic work or political work, but the writing of a (grudgingly) subsidized history of Florence, the kind of work the wise and powerful find for inconvenient and uncomfortable talent enough to keep the man out of mischief, and under one's eye, and possibly, with luck, to acquire some reflected glory, probably of the posthumous kind, from having had him around the place.

Then some very small almost decisively tiny, diplomatic missions for the ex-Secretary, who had once represented his Republic on missions to the Court of France, and to the Pope, not to mention Cesare Borgia. He now had an estate, a commission from his successor as Secretary to the Chapter General of the Friars Minor at Capri. It sounds as if someone was making a neat little Florentine double job at the expense both of Machiavelli and of the Franciscans.

Then, at the end, a moderate degree of favour with the Pope and the Medici, just enough by a final stroke of ill-fortune to involve him, thoroughly, after the fall of Rome in 1527, in the ruin of the Medici cause. Had he remained in the full glare of disfavour, as under Lorenzo, he might conceivably have been restored to his old post as Secretary by the new republican government. The fact that he had worked, in small ways, for the Medici might, in itself,

have been forgiven to him—in fact the Republic reappointed a former Medici appointee to Machiavelli's old post. But the man who had written *The Prince*, dedicated it to the dog-loving Duke, urged him to emulate Cesare Borgia, and then worked for his family—that man was too conspicuously committed to be forgiven. The old Republican died in disgrace with the Republic. *The Prince* was the main cause of this disgrace. According to Machiavelli's lucid enemy, G. B. Busini:

The wealthy considered *The Prince* a document written to teach the Duke how to take away their possessions and the poor felt it was written as an encouragement to take away all their freedom. By the *Pignanti* Followers of Savonarola he was considered a heretic, by the virtuous disowned, by the virtuous a greater scandal and cleverer than they were—so that everyone hated him!

Everyone hated him, because of a book he had written in the hope of restoring his credit and fortunes. It is a singular outcome for the enterprise of a very clever man, and nobody, so far as I know, ever contested the cleverness of Machiavelli. Clever people, it is said, are especially liable to do silly things. It is a maxim consoiling to the stupid, who however are not so stupid as not to be on the watch for the silly things that clever people do, say and—especially—write. Machiavelli, with his masterpiece of hubris, left himself wide open. In terms of the career he sought to resume *The Prince* is a self-inflicted and fatal wound. It is so because it is not single-minded, not subjected to the limitations of one narrow purpose, not written to please Lorenzo, while offending as few other people as possible, in short not in the vulgar sense, in the least Machiavellian.

Three main general purposes or wishes have been discerned in *The Prince*: a radical one, a patriotic one, and a scientific one. These I now propose to discuss.

The view of Machiavelli as essentially a left-wing figure goes back a long way. The English republican, James Harrington, and to a lesser degree other seventeenth-century republicans knew their Machiavelli, and liked to quote in particular those passages from the *Discourses* which express a theoretical preference for popular and republican government. More generally, he could be praised, as he was by Gabriel Naudé, for having "uttered in public the secrets of rulers, the occult frauds and

wickednesses of state officials, and all those things that in a country's administration should be kept hidden". Rousseau interpreted *The Prince* as a warning: "He pretended to instruct kings, instead he taught the people a magnificent lesson. *The Prince* is a book for republicans." Karl Marx admired Machiavelli, and in our own time the intellectual leader of Italian communism, Antonio Gramsci, praised him highly in a work composed in the Fascist prison where Gramsci died. Gramsci, in his important essay *The Modern Prince*, published posthumously by the Istituto Gramsci in Rome—and published here in translation by Lawrence and Wishart—supposes that Machiavelli

had in view "those who do not know" (*chi non sa*), that he intended to give political education to "those who do not know" . . . not a negative political education of hatred for tyrants, but a positive education of those who must recognize (recognize) certain necessary means, even if those of tyrants, because they want certain ends.

And Gramsci goes on:

Machiavellism has helped to improve the traditional political technique of the conservative ruling groups, just as has Marxism; but this must not conceal its essentially revolutionary character, which is felt even today and which explains the whole of anti-Machiavellianism from that of the Jesuits to that of the pietistic Pasquale Villari.

One may well doubt whether Machiavelli had any such conscious intention as Gramsci, following Rousseau's hint, attributes to him. Gramsci put Machiavelli on the same side as Savonarola, and has been scornfully rebuked for this by the modern Machiavellian scholar, Giuseppe Prezzolini. Certainly a lotter of Machiavelli's writing when the Friar was dominant in Florence, shows a Machiavelli coldly hostile to Savonarola. One would expect as much; neither the piety nor the puritanism of the *piagnoni* were likely to appeal to that most worldly of Florentines. Nor is it easy to agree with Machiavelli's sympathetic biographer, Roberto Ridolfi, in finding that Machiavelli's scathing contemporary comments on the Friar and his followers are somehow cancelled out by his approving references to him after his death. It is what was said when Savonarola was around that counts.

The thesis of Gramsci's *The Modern Prince* is vulnerable at many points—and Prezzolini makes it seem more vulnerable still, by picking out the weakest and most extreme bits, thereby doing serious injustice to Gramsci's rich and complex essay. Yet Gramsci is, I believe, closer to the essential truth than Prezzolini, for whom Machiavelli is an aristocrat, a man of "the few". It is true that Machiavelli's pessimistic view of man means to place him philosophically in what is in the main a conservative tradition of thought. Thus he won the approval of T. S. Eliot, who wrote in an essay in "For Lancelot Andrewes": "Machiavelli was no fanatic; he merely told the truth about humanity . . . Lord Morley intimates that Machiavelli saw only half of the truth about human nature. What Machiavelli did not see about human nature is the myth of human goodness which for liberal thought replaces divine grace."

Yet, however acceptable Machiavelli's view of human nature may in theory be to a conservative mind—and however grateful Eliot may have been for a simple Florentine stick with which to administer a passing whack to a nineteenth-century liberal—I believe that Machiavelli, and the Machiavelli of *The Prince* in particular, is profoundly uncongenial to practical conservatives in active politics, and irreconcilable to the interests which they seek to protect. This is not because of anything that he may have consciously intended, but because of what he was. The fellow was what the French call a vulgarizer. Indeed, a vulgar person who wrote—by the sort of thing that should not be left around for the servants to see. He was, in the language of a distinguished White Russian, "a vulgarizer of the top command". In Italian terms, the ex-Secretary brought the

language of the Palazzo right out into Piazza, where it should have no place. Gramsci is surely right in saying that the people—"those who do not know"—nevertheless have more to learn from Machiavelli than princes have. Where Burke, in the true conservative tradition, would cloak the origins of the state with "a politic well-wrought veil", and have us "approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father with pious awe and trembling solicitude", Machiavelli, who seems to have been incapable by nature of experiencing anything resembling awe, simply tears away the veil, or bandage. Rousseau, Marx and Gramsci were more consistent with the general pattern of their thinking in expressing admiration for Machiavelli than Eliot was. (Nietzsche was an enthusiastic Machiavellian, but Nietzsche was not a conservative. He, in his own way, was a revolutionary.)

Not that Machiavelli is quite as easy to annex as Gramsci seems to suggest. One can imagine the famous ambiguous smile on the lips of the great Florentine, on reading one phrase of Gramsci's: "those who must recognize certain necessary means, even if those of tyrants, because they want certain ends". (One can imagine a ghostly voice from Sant' Andrea:

Recognize, indeed Messer Antonio? But it is not enough just to recognize these means, if, as you say, they are necessary, and if you and your friends really want these 'certain ends'. For the word required. Why not say what you mean? I always did. And if you use the means of tyrants, don't blame me if you are taken for tyrants yourselves. . . . On consideration perhaps you are right to use the word "recognize". Deception belongs, after all, with cruelty among 'the means necessary'. . . . Funny how I forgot that, in practice, when I sat down to write!

Machiavelli's revolutionary potential is linked to his patriotism by the one great passion of his practical life: the idea of a militia, to replace the mercenary soldiers on which the Italian states had hitherto depended. Florence gave the idea a trial, and it worked out badly. The militia ran away from the Spanish infantry at Prato; perhaps they had not much interest in what they were supposed to be defending. Prato was the end of that Republic of which Machiavelli was Secretary, and of his official career. Yet he did not cease to advocate the idea of a militia. Even at the very end, just before the catastrophe of 1527, he was trying to raise a militia, this time for the Pope, to liberate Italy from the barbarians.

Guicciardini, the cautious aristocrat, threw cold water on the idea. His objections were various and sensible, but one can divine an underlying but necessarily unspoken theme: "Arm the peasantry? No thank you. Foreign occupation is greatly to be preferred." It was, in essentials, the position of many Frenchmen in 1870 and again in 1940. Machiavelli's position on the other hand was closer to that of the Jacobin patriots: Drive off the foreign invader at whatever cost, and by whatever means. It was ultimately, even if not originally and by intent, a revolutionary position. Unfortunately, the Italians, while often in a sufficiently revolutionary mood to chastise their own rulers when these had already been beaten by the foreigners, were by no means ripe for revolutionary war against the foreign invaders. Machiavelli was more patriotic than his patria, more revolutionary than those Florentine Republicans who treated him as an odious sycophant of the Medici.

Machiavelli's patriotism has sometimes been discounted. The famous "Exhortation to Liberate Italy from the Barbarians" which concludes *The Prince* is sometimes treated as an irrelevance, or exorcism, especially by those who are at pains to emphasize the scientific character of Machiavelli's writings. Today the idea of patriotism, or nationalism, tends to make people uncomfortable, or depressed because of our knowledge of what its uninhibited expression has brought and could bring. We feel more at home with the universal, conceptually if not in reality, "parody" of patriotism, as when the Chinese are accused of being parochial. It is

think, this anti-parochialism, this honourable and salutary tendency to transcend nationalism, tends to blind some commentators on Machiavelli—by no means the rather obvious fact that the behind Machiavelli's patriotism is a patriotic one, the wish to liberate Italy from the barbarians. This was clearly Eliot's patriotic passion, the motor of his mind. But he refused to this conception is stronger than it was forty years ago, resistance perhaps explains the general neglect of the importance of Machiavelli's patriotism. In 1516, that is to say a long time after *The Prince*, Ambition, the series known as the *Discourses*, and develops the idea of the integral relation to the *Prince*. Let me quote some from it in the line of Joseph Tusiani:

But if you really want to know that makes a people rule, and while still Ambition reigns in it.

And why can France remain why, on the other hand, all crosses a stormy sea of adversity. And why, in certain lands, are

And painful the result of discord and Ambition, and the answer is that, when the ferocious hearts and valour of the nation are united, and the word required. Why not say what you mean? I always did. And if you use the means of tyrants, don't blame me if you are taken for tyrants yourselves. . . . On consideration perhaps you are right to use the word "recognize". Deception belongs, after all, with cruelty among 'the means necessary'. . . . Funny how I forgot that, in practice, when I sat down to write!

When first a nation is united, by nature, and by accident, by the word required. Why not say what you mean? I always did. And if you use the means of tyrants, don't blame me if you are taken for tyrants yourselves. . . . On consideration perhaps you are right to use the word "recognize". Deception belongs, after all, with cruelty among 'the means necessary'. . . . Funny how I forgot that, in practice, when I sat down to write!

Info order, against external Ambition, and the word required. Why not say what you mean? I always did. And if you use the means of tyrants, don't blame me if you are taken for tyrants yourselves. . . . On consideration perhaps you are right to use the word "recognize". Deception belongs, after all, with cruelty among 'the means necessary'. . . . Funny how I forgot that, in practice, when I sat down to write!

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PELHAM

and nearly always one's own pain, therefore, but another's flock is sought and broken by peat-up fury that must find a war.

If you perchance are tempted to accuse those, if Italy, so weary and wounded, does not produce so hard and bellicose people, this, I say, is not sufficient to erase our cowardice, for education can supplement where nature is deficient.

Education made Italy bloom in ancient days, and made her rise and conquer the entire world and for herself make room.

And now she lives—if tears can be called life—she has reaped from her long lack of strife.

Where, ah, you turn your frightened eyes, you see the earth one pond of blood and the air sounds with shrieks and sobs and sighs.

If you now want to learn Ambition's nature, and how it should be used, let the distressing example of these people be your teacher.

A man with his sole strength cannot discard her. He must then use his wisdom to escort Ambition with ferociousness and order.

In these lines, it seems to me, Machiavelli gives us the clue to his intention in *The Prince*, the use of Italian wisdom, or Florentine intelligence, so

Ambition with ferociousness and order, that Italy's neighbours, and not Italy, will be devastated by these forces and by that

Peat-up fury that must find a war. For a non-Italian this may not seem a particularly attractive programme, even for an Italian it may be intellectually uncomfortable. Machiavelli

The quotation from *Ambition* is taken from *Luigi and Liberty: The Poems of Machiavelli* (New York, 1963).

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the lover of Italian liberty is an acceptable concept, but Machiavelli the advocate of the view that Italy should so organize itself as to be able to enslave others does not look so good. Is the study of Cesare Borgia's repertoire of dirty tricks being recommended in order that Italians may be put in a position to practise these dirty tricks, on a much larger scale, at the expense of other nations? This thought, which clearly emerges from a comparison of *Ambition* with *The Prince*, leaves Machiavelli looking even more disconcerting than before, if that were possible. *Ambition* refutes Eliot's view that "Machiavelli was not interested in the modern idea of Empire; a united Italy was the limit of his vision" and simultaneously, and by its acceptance of the necessity of imperialism, *Ambition* makes it harder—though not perhaps impossible—to sustain Gramsci's interpretation. But few of those who have discussed *The Prince* show any signs of having read *Ambition*.

The grand defence and justification of Machiavelli has always been, and remains, the fact that he founded the scientific study of politics. Others had talked about politics as it ought to be. Machiavelli cleared the cant away, and tried to "tell it like it was". He simply told the truth about how power works. If you don't like the heat keep out of the torture-chamber. This theme has often been eloquently developed, and needs no further emphasis. I believe it to be mainly true, but subject to more qualifications than it usually gets. The fact that the initial impetus is not scientific but patriotic does not invalidate the scientific character of the work itself: that point is well covered in Eliot's essay. But the patriotic intent does imply that, where the author has found something which he believes to be true, he will also wish to persuade the reader that it is true: the unscientific temptation to pile it on a bit enters here. Machiavelli's wish that his own boss, the Gonfalonier of Florence, Pier Soderini, had a bit more devil in him may well have impelled him to glorify by contrast the banditries of Borgia. There was some romanticism there also.

accepting the necessity for the murder of politically inconvenient children, as Machiavelli does, or for rejecting this, in which case one is also rejecting the claims of a political science disconnected from morality. The second position is intellectually the more dowdy but has perhaps something to recommend it: at least from the point of view of politically inconvenient children.

What fascinates in Machiavelli is not scientific method but the resourceful and surprising energy of intelligence, and joy in the exercise of intelligence. Sometimes, admittedly, it appears a somewhat primitive joy in the advantage which intelligence confers—that pleasure in the idea of pulling the wool over the eyes of the stupid, which is so evident in Machiavelli's comedy, *Mandragola*. But it goes further than that. Even the patriotism of this Florentine is a patriotism of intelligence. The enemy is the barbarian invader, brute force, *furor* against *virtù*. The order which is imagined, passionately desired, and to be encompassed at all costs is a triumph of intelligence, through intelligence and the courage of intelligence: the courage to look steadily at the block and the bloody knife, and try to think steadily through what they mean. This is also revolutionary: the most intelligent of conservatives, Edmund Burke, does not set this kind of value on intelligence: rather he deliberately discounts it, biding us value prejudice and habit as against it.

We do not care about the victory of Florence, or about revolution in sixteenth-century Italy, much less about a new Roman Empire. It is the imagined order, of which these things were supposed embodiments, that concerns us permanently, and now most pressing: the victory of imaginative intelligence over brute matter, including the brute matter of our own destructive passions—through the harnessing of these destructive passions themselves—into an order under the control of intelligence. The sixteenth-century Italian gave expression to the passionate need for that victory. Our own age, in the shadow of the apocalypse, knows that victory as the alternative to the disappearance of the species. But where

examined Medici patronage of the arts and found it less extensive and more old-fashioned than used to be thought.

This research has made the late Ferdinand Schevill's lively book on the Medici, published in 1949, out of date in some respects. The way is clear for a new work of synthesis about the Medici family. However, such a synthesis is not provided by M. Brion. What he gives us is simply a restatement of the myth. He reiterates the old praises of the Medici for their forward-looking taste, of Lorenzo for his business sense.

The conclusions of the present generation of scholars are not infallible, and it might be argued that they have done rather more than cut the Medici down to size. But M. Brion does not argue this case. He simply writes as if the more recent studies (most of which are cited, accurately or inaccurately, in the bibliography) did not exist. He even tells the story of the dying Lorenzo turning his face to the wall "to avoid the painting on the wall of Savonarola, who pursued him with wild anger to his very death bed", a story effectively demolished thirty-five years ago by Professor R. Ridolfi.

There are a number of incidental inaccuracies about Alexander VI, Pius II, Aldus, and Pulci. *The Medici* is carelessly written and clumsily translated. In short, the book does not inspire confidence, and it cannot be recommended either to students or to the general reader. The good things in it are the photographs, taken by Wm. Swan.

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The myth of the Medici was created in the sixteenth century. Michelangelo, Vasari, Pontormo created idealized images of them in paint and stone; Guicciardini and Vasari created idealized literary images. The age of Lorenzo the Magnificent was declared a "golden age" of peace, of prosperity and of the flowering of the arts in Florence; the age of Leo X in Rome was seen as equally golden; Historians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, relying on literary sources, tended to take this myth for reality and to reproduce it. William Roscoe, for example, saw Lorenzo as the defender of freedom and believed that his munificence and taste were the reason for "the progress of the fine arts" in fifteenth-century Italy.

More recently a number of historians, using record rather than chronicle evidence, have been chipping away at the Medici image. They have suggested that the Medici family were not quite as able or as influential as used to be thought. Professor R. de Roover has shown that Lorenzo was not an efficient manager of the Medici Bank, which was anyway not such a big concern as the Bardi and Peruzzi banks of the fourteenth century. Professor N. Rubinstein has shown that the government of Florence, under the Medici, was not so very different from its government a little earlier; Florence was an oligarchy before and during the rule. Professor A. Chastel and Professor E. Gombrich have

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To the Editor

Permissions

Sir—I agree with Mr. Gibbs-Smith (September 25) in doubting there is any grave risk of books being pirated by long extracts in pseudo-criticism. If there is, limitation should be proportionate to total length, rather than absolute. This should stop genuine copyright violations.

Short of that, I can't understand the panic. Any writer, surely, will as readily be judged by what he wrote, as by what a reviewer says he did. If he loses over-praise, he escapes misrepresentation.

In the single notice I ever had which I know to be deliberate, unfair, major historical errors not in the book were put into the summary; established facts were criticized as plot-invention; words of a narrator spoken in character were misquoted with reversal of the meaning, attributed to the author ex cathedra, and used as basis for a fictional account of my opinions. I should hardly have complained if the space had been given instead to extracts, and the reader who was going to dislike the real book would have had fair warning not to spend his money on it.

Speaking as a reader, I find there is no substitute for quotation in making one's choice. It is why people browse in bookshops. Most of us must at some time have bought a book on the strength of a quotation even in an adverse review.

Cape Town.

MARY RENAU.

Pornography

Sir—As one of 300 journalists who covered the Sex-Messe in Copenhagen recently, I would like to endorse your remark in *Commentary* (November 6) that "a good deal is being taken for granted about the liberating effect of free pornography."

After discussing the whole question of pornography with Danish psychiatrists, officials of the Ministry of Justice, and members of the Folketing, I discovered that there has been almost no scientific research as to the effect of pornography on the human personality.

The Criminal Law Committee which, in 1966, recommended that the ban on pornographic literature be lifted did not pretend to go into the matter thoroughly. The criminologists, psychiatrists and sociologists who appeared before the committee had only their own limited experience to go on in pronouncing pornography to be harmful. Such studies as were cited examined pornography only in relationship to known sex offenders, and therefore had no relevance as to its impact on the Danish population as a whole.

In place of facts based upon scientific inquiry I found a bland consensus on the part of those to whom I talked of which the following unsupported assumptions are typical:

That pornography is not socially harmful. (Some go so far as to assure one cheerfully that "pornography is good for you.")

That children are not interested in pornography.

That the present adult interest in pornography in Denmark will die down once the novelty of having it freely on sale wears off.

That pornography will then become very much a minority interest indulged in by middle-aged men.

That sex crimes, including those against children, will decrease as a result of making hard-core pornography legal.

This last assumption would seem to be borne out by the 1968 crime figures, which show a slight decrease in the number of sex offences. But, as you rightly point out, this reading of the crime statistics does not take into account the fact that, in Denmark's present state of permissiveness, fewer people report such crimes, while the police are more reluctant to make arrests except in serious sex cases.

We want to prevent those who are not interested in pornography from getting it pushed at them in the street and through the letter-box," declares Knud Thorsrup, Denmark's Minister of Justice, in explaining that Danish police retain the power to make arrests for offensive window displays, or other forms of advertising that can be deemed to offend.

If all depends upon what one means by "offensive." One porno-shop in the heart of Copenhagen's main shopping centre has a window display of whips and black leather underclothing together with the usual explicit photographs of sexual intercourse. On Sunday even *Politiken*, one of Copenhagen's most respectable newspapers,

carries a full page of classified advertisements for clubs with names like Happy Sex, Erotica, Sexland, and the Love Inn, where blue films are shown nightly. In some of these clubs the films are followed by live entertainment which would put to shame anything that could be seen in the back streets of Cairo. *Politiken* also advertises such hard-core publications as *Weekend Sex* and *Colour Love*, as well as "Contact Bureaus", which arrange parties in private homes. This may not be pushing it through the letter-box, but it is certainly letting pornography in over the breakfast table.

One last observation. When I pointed out the ease with which Danish children can obtain pornography simply by inserting a few coins in a vending machine, a psychiatrist attached to the University of Copenhagen solemnly assured me that this was not so. "Pornomats" had been placed too high on the walls for children to reach them, he claimed.

TOM A. CULLEN.

N.E.A. Service Inc., 8 Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

'The Joke'

Sir—Now that I have been able to discuss the English translation of *The Joke* with Mr. Milan Kundera in Prague I must, if I may, amplify what I wrote in my letter last week. We have been through the changes that have been made in the event, without his consent owing to a most unfortunate misunderstanding.

Mr. Kundera disapproves deeply of the rearrangement of parts of the text. In the new edition, which I hope will in any case be required soon, the original sequence of the flashbacks will be reinstated and, with the author's permission, the names of the relevant characters will be repeated (as in the present edition) to make it crystal-clear which characters are associated with each passage. (In the original this is self-evident through the characters' individual style of expression—something that is difficult to put across in translation.) Secondly, all the passages that were omitted but, as the author emphasizes, play their artistic role in the structure of the novel, will be put back. In any event he will see the complete revision before it goes to the printer.

I have made my apologies to Milan Kundera for what has happened. Although he disagrees strongly with our editing, he has been generous in allowing us to make amendments in this way rather than stop the sale of the present edition forthwith. When the new version is ready copies will be sent to those critics who saluted *The Joke* for the very fine novel it is.

JAMES MACGIBBON.
Macdonald & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.,
St. Giles House, 49/50 Poland Street,
London, W1A 2LG.

Sir—The controversy about the translation of Milan Kundera's novel *The Joke* raises some fascinating points for book lovers. I cannot judge the translation, though I am puzzled to learn that parts of the original would have been "abstruse" to readers here. I read the Czech original and found it easy to follow.

However, one now learns that, though this volume was offered as a translation, one chapter out of seventy-two was cut entirely, that there were two "major transpositions," and that there had been some "tightening up" from which the book was "to benefit artistically." Even if the author's agreement had been obtained, should this be offered to the public as a translation?

This question, one gathers from the letters that have been published, may sound naive to publishers and translators; such alterations may be commonplace to them. But they are not to readers, and publishers ought to tell them whether what they offer is a good translation, or a new version tailored to suit the supposed tastes of their public. I may add that I feel personally affected, for I bought *The Joke* as a gift for someone else, and should have hesitated to do so had I known that the volume I gave was not what I had read.

H. G. ALEXANDER.
56 North End House, London, W.14.

Colonels and
Freedom Fighters

Sir—I am not surprised that Mr. Young (November 6), despite the fact that he published himself a "columnist"

historian... playing Log Cabin Justice, does not attempt to make detailed criticisms of his book (16). I am disappointed, but not surprised, that he has not done this. Those guilty of practicing their Greek have been "severely damaged."

He does, however, point out the benefit of your reviewer the editor between Markizos and Makrezos, moved as a "printing error" of a printer accidentally turning Makrezos into Markizos, too remote.

The similarity which Mr. Young's letter finds between the Greek army and the Wilson government, and his reference to the "socialist West", will bring home to our far more effectively than I could hope to the unusual standard which he writes. I deliberately took my initial criticisms to point out that I frequently found myself badly misinterpreted.

Consider, for example, the fact that the B.C.C.'s foreign policy have been "subjected to the erosion and lack of balance of domestic services," and that the "remotely favourable" to Greek policy. Or his apparent aim at subverting the fighting ability of our troops ("a man with L.S.D. cannot fight at all").

Your reviewer (October 30) at least made some effort to correct criticisms. May I deal with them by point?

(1) If your reviewer will read my letter he will discover that I said it was preposterous, not that Vlachou removed her support from Karanfilis, but that the assertion that she had been tortured, indeed I now have Mr. Vlachou's authority for saying that at no time any of her newspapers support Papandreu. As for your "assault" on the military court in statement, I have been Vlachou's ally. I would reply that I cannot say I should have discussed this in a letter which was concerned with the inadequacies of your review, not with Mrs. Vlachou's development, fascinating though topics may be.

(2) I see that your reviewer has a compulsive urge to get small details absolutely right. Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon's opinions should be considered the last word on the allegations. My point was precisely to demonstrate the unreliability of your heavy dependence on the unimpeachable testimony of Mrs. Vlachou, of whom we have no special knowledge of Greece. For myself, I am content to accept the verdict of the Human Rights Commission, which is shortly to present its report to the Council of Ministers of the Council of Europe.

I agree with your reviewer that *Dark Paradise* contains "various, mis-spellings, inaccuracies, etc." Your reviewer makes great play of the relatively brief treatment given to the coup and subsequent events. But he really is suggesting that the Greek politics "begin only on April 1967, fifteen days before the coup parties were officially declared."

In conclusion, I would categorize your review as inaccurate, intemperate and dishonest. These are not my faults but Mr. Young's, apropos of the language question in *Dark Paradise* is merely inaccurate and intemperate.

RICHARD CLOGG.
School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

—This letter is written to you on the part of the Eaton family, about which has just come to our attention. The reason for our concern is the "Canadian Culture in the 1960s" in *The Times Literary Supplement* of August 28, 1969.

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precisely. I repeat that (sic) "anyway does not mean sexual need." There is no such thing as the Greek language as spoken in or out of a dictionary. Your reviewer is so confident that the word does exist why is he so coy in appearing to reproduce the even dirtier of this alleged army pun?

I entirely fail to see the point of your reviewer's second excursion into the "modern Greek." The expression "sexual need" occurs in neither Mr. Young's review, nor my letter. But your reviewer, just how seriously can we take Young when he says that until a year ago "sexual need" was "an accepted reason for asking for leave in the Greek army?"

I was not questioning the extent of Grivas' individual involvement in the post-Varkiza purges, but rather the extent to which these were carried out under Grivas' direction. His "publicly" named by the Greek Government (of which Grivas was not a member) to the National Guard were quite as active in repressing the Left as were the "In many areas supposed communists were simply rounded up without warrant or charge. The tolerance shown by the Greek Government (of which Grivas was not a member) to the active indicates that the desire to take of the supporters of EAM-ELAS only means confined to Grivas and his thugs."

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Toronto's waterfront, which will serve no purpose but the destruction of hundreds of acres of parkland.

We are sure that everyone familiar with the Canadian scene would agree that this statement is not only unfair and misleading, but is quite untrue in a number of respects. It is distressing to see a report such as this in a journal as responsible and influential as *The Times Literary Supplement*.

For the record, we would point out that our donations to cultural organizations in the 1960s are well in excess of half a million dollars, and this amount represents only a small fraction of donations made to other charitable causes which would not be considered cultural.

The reference to our family's support of a racetrack in Toronto, is also distorted. My brother, George Eaton, is a professional racing driver, and endorsed this venture along with the *Toronto Telegram*. It would not have destroyed any parkland, since it was to have been built on existing roads in the city of Toronto, and would have added another event of international interest to the Toronto scene.

We are upset and hurt, and we trust you will make every effort to see that any future references to our family are more thoroughly researched.

F. S. EATON.

President, Eaton's of Canada Limited,
190 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Leonard Woolf

Sir—Will you allow me a little space in which to comment upon your reviewer's answer (November 6) to my inquiry? Your reviewer originally said: "He [Leonard Woolf] makes the assumption always that he was part of an intellectual elite" (October 30). Any one reading and believing this would suppose that *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters* contains, not one, but many passages in which the author is guilty of intellectual arrogance.

Where, I asked, is the evidence that Leonard Woolf ever made this assumption? I might justifiably have asked for evidence contained in this particular volume? Your reviewer has produced no evidence. He falls back on what he calls "a commonplace." He considers that Leonard Woolf must have been guilty of the charges made against him because it is "a commonplace" that he was guilty. This means, presumably, that when enough people believe in a man's guilt he may be condemned without evidence. It is the kind of argument that one might expect from a witch-hunter, but not from one of your reviewers.

QUENTIN BELL.

Cabbe Place, Bellingham, Lewes, Sussex.

"Our reviewer writes: What is all this about guilt-feelings and witch-hunting? It is grotesquely far away from the reviewer that briefly analysed Woolf's ideas and their limitations. His view of society was perhaps confused and inadequate," I said, and gave reasons for my opinions. It is Mr. Bell not I, who brings in the word "arrogant."

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John Whiting

Sir, In your review of John Whiting's *Collected Plays* (November 6), your reviewer misquotes my introduction, and misunderstands the purpose of it. I did not say: "Had he gone on writing in the way he started, he would have become a great playwright." I said he "could" have—meaning that he had the potential and that it could have happened. To insist that it would have happened would be ridiculous.

It is also unfair to imply that I was trying to write a spirited defence of Whiting or to "champion his virtues." The introduction to his plays is hardly the place to do that, and in any case I would not have wanted to repeat what I said in my preface about him. All I wanted to do was to set the early work in the context of his rejection by the critics and to illuminate its relationship to the later work. My view is that Whiting was too good to depart in *The Devils* from the style he had employed in *Some Day* and *Marching Song*. Your reviewer obviously thinks that *No Why* and *The Devils* are his best plays and that the obscurity in the earlier work was wilful and unnecessary. He ignores my point that *Some Day* was written as an exercise, with no idea that it would be produced, and he implies that *Marching Song* is obscure in the same way. It is not. It is complex but clear.

Your reviewer's lack of sympathy for Whiting is clear from his last assertion that "he deserved his luck." But I am not clear what he means by his repeated use of the word "spiritual" or by saying: "He tried to write plays on the same principle that T. S. Eliot applied in *Four Quartets*." It is true that there are internal echoes and structural similarities in the plays, but how could anyone write a play on the same principle as a non-narrative, abstract poem sequence? And it is sheer nonsense to claim that the plays are "far removed from the flamboyant immediacies of the heart, or the vulgarities of everyday foolery." Both are absolutely basic to them.

Schoolmasterish and Olympian at the same time, your reviewer makes no attempt to substantiate his assertion that "Whiting was to have reached the limit" (paraphrasing his earlier style). Though he refers twice to the brief fragments of *The Nomads* (1963), which I included, he carefully ignores the whole act of the unfinished two-act play *Nomads*, which was written after *Marching Song* but before *The Devils*. It is therefore central to any serious discussion about Whiting's change of style.

RONALD HAYMAN.

47 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1.

Woodrose

Sir—The reviewer of *Woodrose* by I. P. Walsh and K. Crossley-Holland (October 16) asks whether the word "woodrose" has an Anglo-Saxon source. It is recorded in Bosworth and Toller's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary* in the form *wudu-wāsa* (wudu="wood") as a gloss for "satyr" or "faun"—i.e., satyrs, wild men. It does not seem to occur in any extant literary work of Anglo-Saxon, but is recorded in several sources in Middle English, especially the alliterative poem—e.g., *Gawain and the Green Knight*, where Gawain, on his travels to find the Green Knight, fights "Sumwhyth wyth wudowes þat wored in be knarres" (721): wild men who lived in the rocks or crags.

KATHLEEN DERWENT.

Department of English, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

'NAB 1'

Sir—Your reviewer of *NAB 1: Portrait of a Politician* is wrong in attributing to Low the cartoon depicting Nabarro as the only Tory non-bibliophile. It was drawn by Vicky, and appeared in the *Evening Standard* on May 10, 1960.

PHILIP JONES.

109 Maycross Avenue, Morden, Surrey.

We regret that the letter from Professor Donald Greene last week contained a misprint in the quotation from *Johnson's Dictionary*. The Reynard text does read:

"And strive in vain to laugh at
But the Nichol Smith and McAdam
And strive in vain to laugh at
But the Nichol Smith and McAdam

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But

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Official history looks East—

S. WOODBURN KIRBY with M. R. ROBERTS, G. T. WARD and N. L. DESOER. *The War against Japan. Volume V: The Surrender of Japan.* Edited by James Butler. 599pp. H.M.S.O. £6.6s.

The fifth and last volume of the Official History, the title is too well understood to be dropped—of the war against Japan covers the period from the reoccupation of Rangoon in May, 1945, to the winding up of South East Asia Command in November, 1946. This volume has clearly presented greater problems than its predecessors. Operations in the Pacific had become increasingly out of phase with those in South East Asia and the presentation of the war as a coherent whole thus more difficult.

By mid-1945 Japan had been defeated: it was now quite impossible for her to achieve her war aims, and the Allies' problem was how to induce her to stop fighting. Unhappily the same inadequate appreciation of their national strength that led the Japanese military leaders to start a war which they could not win also induced the extreme militarists to wish to continue the war when nothing could be gained and only more loss. Even more unhappily the Japanese national tradition ensured that such suicidal policies would if necessary be followed to the last man and the last round.

The Allies thus had two basic tasks. The principal one was bringing Japan to surrender and cease hostilities; the second was to clear up the mess resulting from Japanese occupation. The first fell mainly to the United States forces in the Pacific; the second naturally predominated in the effort of South East Asia Command, and since the official history is primarily concerned with the British participation, it forms the

larger part of this volume. Clearing up included numerous and important tasks, not least being the elimination of what remained of the Japanese armies, the restoration of law, order and normal life in the occupied territories, the reoccupation of the lands still in Japanese hands, and finally the rescue of the many prisoners of war and internees whose miserable conditions had long been a matter for concern.

It is, however, natural that at this range of time the main aim and its achievement holds the greater interest. Japan's state in February, 1945, when the elder statesman Prince Konoye advised the Emperor that the war should be ended as soon as possible, was already a poor one, but by the middle of the year it had sharply deteriorated. The final destruction of the Imperial fleet on April 7, the heavy air attacks on urban areas in Japan, where fire had been particularly damaging, and the almost total cutting off of outside supplies had resulted in internal disorganization and severe shortage of essentials. It now became a question of saving as much as possible from the wreckage—the Imperial system and possibly Korea and Formosa. The Potsdam declaration of July 27 presented the Japanese rulers with the choice of surrender or complete destruction.

The absence of a Russian signature raised wholly unfounded hopes that the terms might be improved and ignorance of the imminent readiness of the atomic bomb allowed the significance of the alternative choice to be underestimated. The Potsdam terms were apparently rejected and on August 6 the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Even then the Supreme Council argued and hesitated; the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9. Tojo reported the military situation as hopeless, and the Emperor re-

affirmed his earlier view and on the morning of August 10 took the decision which the Supreme Council had avoided, to surrender on the Potsdam terms.

The rightness or wrongness of initiating the use of atomic weapons has been the subject of argument ever since and it is valuable to consider the arguments which ruled at the time. It had been appreciated that the final surrender of Japan could be achieved only by invasion of the homeland since it would not occur while large bodies of the armed forces remained undefeated. Thus the decision had been taken to invade Kyushu in November, 1945, and Honshu in March, 1946. The cost was going to be very heavy. Since it was estimated that the Japanese would resist even more tenaciously than in Okinawa, the three months' fighting in that island had cost the Americans some 75,000 casualties (of whom one sixth were killed) while all but about 6,000 of the Japanese garrison of 80,000 died in the light. Further, it was clear that in preparation for the invasion and during the fighting, destruction in the densely populated Japanese islands would be widespread and very severe; total destruction in small defined areas was regarded as preferable.

Two political arguments also bore on the decision. First, the use of these revolutionary weapons would discourage future aggressive warfare, an argument which could still be sustained twenty-four years later; secondly, the huge cost and effort which had gone into making the bombs had to be justified. In fact the military extremists of the Supreme Council, with their curiously restricted viewpoint, were not much impressed by the effects of the two bombs, which they compared with the already devastating con-

ventional raids. The Russian entry into the war at midnight on August 8 probably removed their doubts. When the Emperor had decided to surrender, many of the extremists committed suicide by later.

Many readers will find this volume, which views the war from the American and British points of view, and the distinguished author Jean Lacouture, has been, since its appearance in 1959, by the best account of the Geneva conference of 1954 and of the real and military circumstances surrounding it. *End of a War* is simply an excellent and very readable English translation of a book. Although there are no changes in the main part of the conference itself, it is as significant today as it was in 1959, the events of 1954 are not as an ending, but as a situation in which the United States failed to bring their aim while the defeatism achieved their aim. Western colonial powers of South East Asia.

There are thirty-two pages containing much information, not available elsewhere, and three maps and sketches. Mr. A. L. Kelleway, who has written the excellent introduction, has written the excellent introduction, has written the excellent introduction.

The war which did not end

JEAN DEVILLERS and JEAN LACOUTURE. *End of a War: Indochina, 1954.* Translated by Alexander Leven and Adam Roberts. Pp. Pall Mall Press. £3 15s.

June 1954: Indochina 1954. Philippe Devillers, now Director of the International Studies Centre at the University of Cambridge, and the distinguished author Jean Lacouture, has been, since its appearance in 1959, by the best account of the Geneva conference of 1954 and of the real and military circumstances surrounding it. *End of a War* is simply an excellent and very readable English translation of a book. Although there are no changes in the main part of the conference itself, it is as significant today as it was in 1959, the events of 1954 are not as an ending, but as a situation in which the United States failed to bring their aim while the defeatism achieved their aim. Western colonial powers of South East Asia.

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French government and military leadership acquiesced in it and how they were deprived by American sleight of hand of the continuing influence which they hoped nevertheless to retain in South Vietnam. Not only Dulles, but also Mendès-France rejected conciliation with the North after the Geneva Settlement. He believed that he could "consolidate the Western positions" in Indochina while outwardly conforming with the terms agreed upon at Geneva. This led him to spurn the real possibility of retaining a substantial French economic and cultural position in North Vietnam, to intrigue against the return of Bao Dai to the South Vietnam of which he was still head of state, to join with the Americans in promoting Ngo Dinh Diem as dictator, and finally to allow what remained of the French position to be usurped by them.

Unhappily, the usurpers despised the French record in Indochina and thought that there was nothing to be gained from the French experience. Ignorant of the country, contemptuous of the French colonial effort, they proceeded to repeat one of France's worst colonial mistakes

—communist hunting. This was because, despite themselves, they had a basically similar aim—to impose an alien political pattern on an ancient, xenophobic people. André Vialis, criticizing the French colonial administration in 1935, wrote: "They indiscriminately label as Communists not only nationalists who want to see the democratic principles they have learnt from us applied to their country, but also the destitute, who plead for someone to come and help them, and all those who—on one reason or another—don't have the talent for pleasing the administration or the police. The people accept the epithet and take pride in it."

And Malraux had commented that repression was not the answer: "Cutting off people's heads is not a permanent way of keeping them from using them. . . a people will become tired of anything, eventually—even of being murdered for nothing." Communist-hunting was almost a national sport in the United States of 1954. President Diem proved an apt pupil. People got tired of being murdered for nothing, and in the end it all began again.

The circumstances of France in 1954 are not those of the United

States today. Although there have now been almost as many American casualties in Vietnam as there were in the First World War, the United States has not yet reached the pitch of war-weariness that brought France to Geneva in 1954. There are, however, similarities between the situation of the United States in 1969 and that in 1953. In their election campaign of 1952, General Eisenhower and Richard Nixon had given two pledges: the one was to "bring the boys home from Korea" (the electorally important, conscript boys); the other was to "roll back the Communist tide", for containment of Communism was not enough. In office, they speedily brought about the Korean Armistice and adopted an expanded policy of military aid to client states, so that indigenous troops would "roll back the Communist tide", if anyone. The bulk of the American conscripts came home, and largely stayed there until 1965.

In 1968 Mr. Nixon fought and won his own presidential campaign at a time when casualties in Vietnam were approaching those suffered in Korea. If the Korean War had been unpopular, the Vietnam affair was

widely regarded in the United States as not even righteous. Domestic pressure on the President to settle and withdraw is greater now than it was in 1953. Once more he must bring the boys home and somehow contrive that the South Vietnamese, the Thais and others, like the South Koreans, maintain their own resistance. This is indeed his policy, as one might expect from the earlier record. One consolation he may draw from 1954, as has been pointed out elsewhere—the Geneva Settlement was not made at the conference table but in the corridors, as settlements usually must be.



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The war which did

WAR O'BALLANCE: Korea 1950-1953. 171pp. Faber and Faber. 36s.
KIE-CHIANG OH: Korea—Democracy on Trial. 240pp. Cornell University Press (I.B.E.G.). £3 16s

the Korean war began in the summer of 1950, many followers of national affairs were obliged to turn to their atlases to identify precisely where Korea lay. At the end of the Second World War, by agreement among the allies, Russian and American forces had occupied the peninsula. The 38th parallel line had been accepted as a temporary dividing-line on the map, separating the zones of occupation. The refusal of the Soviet Union to join the United Nations Temporary Commission to enter the zone of occupation, the northern

half of the country, and the decision of the General Assembly to encourage elections, in the south led to the establishment of rival governments: a communist regime under Kim Il-Sung in the north; the Liberal Party administration under the presidency of Syngman Rhee (Yi Sung-Man) in the south. (I am concerned to cut their military forces, the United States withdrew their last body of troops in June, 1949, leaving behind a small military advisory group and a quantity of light arms and equipment. The Soviet Union had completed a similar withdrawal several months beforehand, but the forces which their advisers remained to guide were well equipped with armour and artillery and a small tactical air force of rising efficiency. The consequence of leaving the rival governments to their own devices, the north strong, the south weak, was

the invasion by the former of the latter.

Major O'Ballance's *Korea 1950-1953* attempts, as he tells us in the preface, "a review, in broad outline, of the war fought in Korea from June, 1950, until July, 1953". He has succeeded: for anyone requiring a short account of the events comprehensible to the general reader, this is the work. It is regrettable, therefore, that it contains a number of factual errors. For example, there is no certainty that Lin Biao commanded the Chinese forces which crossed the Yalu in October, 1950; it is an assumption.

The units of the Peoples' Liberation Army became, as they entered Korea, the "Chinese Peoples' Volunteers", their own term, not the "Chinese Peoples' Volunteer Army". The porters used to supply the Chinese in January, 1951, were not "conscripted" but soldiers drawn from other formations in north-east China who took turns at this work. The Chinese did not use the Koreans sufficiently to rely on them, and even insisted in placing armed supervisors on the footpaths to railway locomotives running supplies to such railheads as they maintained.

Professor John Kie-Chiang Oh's *Korea—Democracy on Trial* is concerned with the political life of Korea from the assumption of national sovereignty in 1948 until 1957. He has clearly had access to a wide range of source material with which he has combined his personal knowledge of Korean politics. He begins with the assumption of sovereignty by the (South) Koreans from American military government in 1948. The preamble to the adoptive constitution declared that it should "establish a democratic system of government eliminating evil social customs of all kinds". In Korea, as elsewhere, the Western allies believed that the wider the establishment of democratic rule, the better the prospect of a lasting peace.

Unfortunately, the Koreans had little experience of democratic method. The civil service and the police were in great part those who had held office under Japanese rule. Thanks to his political acumen, factionalism among the numerous newly formed political parties and the readiness of the police to serve a strong leader, Syngman Rhee quickly became an authoritarian president.

The invasion of south by north in June, 1950, provided Syngman Rhee with the opportunity he needed to overcome political opposition: to his critics, not least of which was the accusation of personal power. Professor Oh's account of the campaign for political mastery fought in Pusan

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